November 8th, 2025. We are like 20 pages left of our live reading of The Murderbot Diaries with commentary on every single paragraph, usually like, every other goddamn sentence, because there's so much bigotry baked into here.

Before I forget, from the last video, I meant, I remember the name of the book. It's Neuromancer. One word, Neuromancer.

Also only realized while editing the transcript, because I've partially gotten my laptop to cooperate:

Um, when Mensah told Murderbot to take off its helmet so that they can see its face. Um, if you look at the timeline of events, she did that explicitly to set up so that Gurathin could more easily trigger Murderbot's PTSD.

She specifically told Murderbot to take off its helmet to make Murderbot feel more vulnerable and exposed and anxious, specifically to set it up to be more

vulnerable for Gurathin's “loyalty test” because literally look at the timeline of events:

1) She tells Murderbot, "You have to take your helmet off so we can see your face." Removing one — the, like the only aspect of control Murderbot has ever had, which is that because it's always told to keep the helmet on so people don't realize it's a goddamn person, it can make whatever facial reactions it wants. Um, she specifically did that.

2)And then immediately following that, we get the “loyalty test” from Gurathin, where Gurathin is purposefully harassing Murderbot in ways he explicitly knows that Murderbot is fucking triggered by.

And then Murderbot explicitly— like, not explicitly, *very fucking heavily implies* to all of the adult people standing right there—

And you know, if we're supposed— we're told—

Martha Wells literally gets up on stages and literally gives speeches about how deathly serious this is and mature this is.

So, okay. So, Murderbot saying, "You don't need to look at me." Aka, “stop fucking staring at me. You are trigGurathing my PTSD” Because we're ù they're all adults! They are all these people are all fully grown adults.

“You don't need to look at me. I'm not a sex slave.”

That should be making every single one of these fucking people, seven other people if we ignore Gurathin — that should making them that should literally cause them all to stop immediately, because the slave has now just implied that the reason it is so triggered by them staring at it like that, is because it has been the victim of rape and it doesn't want that to happen again.

They know that they're triggering it. That's exactly why Mensah told it to take its helmet off, because, literally, *she told it to take its helmet off!*

Gurathin fucking harasses it, and then we get confirmation that they, Mensah and Gurathin, planned this shit together and teamed up for this shit, and not one single other person of the six other fucking people here decided to do anything about it.

So they must have all been in on it.

But especially it was planned by Mensah and Gurathin.

Like that's— that's how writing works. That's how this timeline of events fucking unfolds.

Mensah tells Murderbot, "You have to take your helmet off and let us see your face. I know you viscerally hate it, but the circumstances have changed. Just do it." And then she guilt trips it.

Immediately after that, she and Gurathin team up to “loyalty test” Murderbot, to, claiming to— that it's to “make sure it's it's loyal to them”, even though they mind-raped it, so they know it's loyal.

And then immediately following that, Mensah pretends—

Like—

It's literally just textbook fucking manipulation.

Gurathin has very clearly volunteered to be the bad guy, so that he can— his being objectively horrible to Murderbot can make Mensah and everybody else look good in comparison, because immediately after that with the fucking trap that Mensah literally set up to trigger Murderbot on purpose, she, she says, "Oh, I hope you're okay. Just so you know, we are poor innocent little babies and um they're all going to start panicking. We're so helpless. You're our only hope. Only you can protect us. You'll protect us, right?”

Like, it's literally just textbook fucking abuse and manipulation and like— Jesus Christ.

This is what happens when you write things like this.

You can't—

You can't write “Mensah told Murderbot it needs to take off its helmet and then immediately reveal that she teamed up with Gurathin to harass Murderbot and attempt to trig— and successfully _ trigger its PTSD to see if it will just snap as ‘a bad slave’ and kill them all if they trigger it enough on purpose”

Even though they already mind-raped it and know all of its motivations and everything.

And then they *continued* doing that!

There was a third thing I wanted to say. Where did my piece of paper go? It's on the floor. Oh, that's all I wrote down.

Um, anyways, the names for the other new slave people. I had somebody pick some random names. So, it's...I forgot the one that starts with G. Maybe Gurathin. It might— It's something. Obviously, it starts with G. I think it's Gurathin, Hammond, Ingrid, can't remember.

And then we flip the coin for whether or not it was poor Celene or Damian who gets murdered first. And it landed on poor Celene. So, RIP to Celene.

Anyways, uh we're on page “132”. It's in quotation marks.

Murderbot just murdered Celene, the— one of the surviving Delt— DeltFall units, AKA one of the surviving people enslaved by the DeltFall Corporation, who and we're just continuously supposed to view— the DeltFall Corporation and their employees, who are all slave owners, as just ‘poor innocent victims who didn't deserve any of this’ because this is written by a white racist white woman from Texas, and she literally wants you to agree that slave owners are just poor, innocent little helpless bystanders who didn't do anything wrong.

> Yeah, I know I said SecUnits aren't sentimental about each other, but I wished it wasn't one of the DeltFall units. It was in there somewhere, trapped in its own head. Maybe aware, maybe

> not. Not that it matters. None of us had a choice.

And this is the part where Martha Wells lies to us because yes, Murderbot does in fact have a choice.

It has every choice in the world, unlike every single other goddamn slave we will ever meet in this entire fucking series.

Murderbot has a fucking choice in whether or not it murders the other fucking slaves.

This fucking enslaved person had their com destroyed. That was the very first thing that Murderbot did.

So, they couldn't call for help on the goddamn Wi-Fi signal.

They *could* have raised their fucking physical voice to yell for help.

They chose not to do that.

Martha Wells wants us to assume that that's just “because um they're stupid or something” because we're not allowed, on any part, to consider the fact that *maybe these other people are trying not to hurt Murderbot because as far as they are aware, Murderbot is being forced to do this to them*.

The other slaves in the story, they have no fucking clue that Murderbot is killing them *because it wants to*.

They think it's being forced into this shit the exact same way they are.

It's— It's literally the ultimate fucking horrific irony, but we're just supposed to think it's “badass” on the part of Murderbot.

Anyways, yeah:

> None of us had a choice.

Murderbot could have done literally infinite fucking things right that fucking second instead of murdering this person, including just knocking them out!

Literally just knock them unconscious!

We have already established that you can magically heal them from any fucking injury, no matter how godamn severe, just by magic.

Why didn't you fucking knock them unconscious?!?

Because Martha Wells is fucking racist and is training you to be racist!

Martha Wells wants to pretend that saying, "Oh, I wished it wasn't one of those ones who was One Of The Good Ones.” Because reasons. Because of reasons.

And and that's supposed to make up for the fact that Murderbot is literally just murdering a person for no godamn reason.

> I stood up just as Mensah slammed through the brush carrying the mining tool. I told her, "It's gone wrong. You have to pretend to be my prisoner." She looked at me, then at the DeltFall unit

And we're still referring to this fucking person as a unit.

(staring off to the side) dung— little beetle.

We're, We— the fucking “good guys” are literally continuing to dehumanize the enslaved people and refer to them with dehumanizing objective— objectifying fucking language.

“The unit” this isn't something the bad guys are saying. This is what the goddamn *slave protagonist* is saying because Martha Wells wants us to fucking think this shit!

If she didn't, she would be doing something else. Or, you know, like— I hate people who just keep pretending that, “oh, Murderbot's an unreliable

narrator!!!” and thinking that saying that absolves all of the bigotry and bad writing in the series.

And that's not how that works.

It's not a white woman's place to write a story about a slave who wants to, as a slave protagonist, who hates all other slaves.

But like, she could have done that, and portrayed Murderbot as being a bad person for wanting to murder every other goddamn slave around it.

But that would also just be more slavery apologism because then the only solution would be, well, you have to make the slave owners be the good guys and like, that's just slavery apologism.

But then she's not even doing *that*.

She's just doing slavery apologism and actively training her fucking—

[weird loud car noise outside interrupts]

That was weird sounding. What the heck was that?

Okay.

She's actively training her audience to just go along with the dehumanization of the slaves in this story. There's never been any fucking ounce of pushback against this shit!

> She looked at me and then looked at the DeltFall unit. “How are you going to explain that?”

She's looking at a dead fucking slave who was just murdered two seconds ago, and she has no emotions about this, even though we're told “she's a good person who thinks slavery is bad”, we're just ‘How are you going to explain that?’ Pointing at the murdered slave when you're supposed to be “a good person”. That's the only reaction she has.

> I started shedding armor. Every piece that had —

Well, at least we didn't say “had had”. My god. Again.

Every piece that had a PreservationAux logo on it and leaned over the DeltFall Fall unit again

continuing to dehumanize them

as the pieces dropped away. “I'm going to be it, and it's going to be me.” Mensah dropped the mining tool and bent down to help me. We didn't have time to switch all the armor. Moving fast, we replaced the arm and shoulder pieces on both sides, the leg pieces that had the armor's inventory code, the chest and back pieces with the logos.

Also, uh, no emotion in this, this whatsoever, because if, if we were truly meant to give a shit about the fact that Murderbot just fucking murdered someone, who, unlike it, had no goddamn choice, we could be focusing on that right fucking now when they are stripping this person's fucking corpse for its armor.

But it's just— there's no emotion whatsoever. There's no contemplation. There's no regret. There's nothing, nothing at all.

That's a b— we've never been given a description of Murderbot's armor. So, the fact that it's apparently super duper modular is just coming out of nowhere, and we have no goddamn context for how exactly this is happening.

Is it like— what? There's never been a single fucking description of its armor. And now we're just being told that you can just just take off all of these pieces, all by itself without like, anything, and just switch them out effortlessly, supposedly.

This is just, like, this is just shit writing.

Again, there's no setup for a single goddamn thing.

Setup. It's like foreshadowing, but it's different.

It's just where like if you say that the character— if you're going to tell us that your character has a dog,

you could show that dog in the first scene or like maybe we meet the dog in chapter 20 or so.

But like, setup would be saying “I walked past the dog bowl and made sure to refill the water before I left”. Something like that. Like just basic shit to ground the events in the goddamn world.

Like just put some fucking breadcrumbs. Why are we only being told now that you can apparently just casually, like, instantly, just take pieces off of this armor?

We don't even know what the armor is made of! Is it made of metal? Is it made of some super high-tech fucking plastic? Is it, is it fucking chain mail? Is it cloth? We don't know!

They're just casually just taking it off and like, Mensah is supposedly helping. It's like, so, it's not complicated. It's not intricate. It doesn't require a special fucking passcode or a fingerprint to take it off.

This is just ridiculous.

> We didn't have time to switch all the armor. Moving fast, we replaced the arm and shoulder pieces on both sides, the leg pieces that had the armor's inventory code, the chest and back pieces with the logos. Mensah smeared the remaining armor pieces with dirt and blood and fluid from the dead unit

Continuing to fucking dehumanize them! And not even because Murderbot is desperately trying to pretend that didn't just happen so that it can keep going.

We could be doing that, but we're not doing that!

> So, if we had missed anything distinctive, GrayCris might not notice, but

Like, so the whole entire set of armor. Okay, this is just ridiculous.

Like, so the whole entire set of armor... is not it's not an armor set.

It's fucking— you have to take off piece by piece every single time.

How long does it take Murderbot to put this shit on?

How exactly is it being put on?

Are there clips and buckles?

Does it fucking magically fuse together?

Are there like snaps?

Is it fucking space velcro?

What exactly is supposed to be going on here? It doesn't fucking make sense. It's— and it's just ridiculous.

Like, it would have been so easy to just explain this shit in chapter 1 or chapter 2, but no, we're just getting it as soon as it's required, because up until now, we haven't needed to take Murderbot's armor off

piece by piece for some fucking reason. So, we just didn't know that that was even a thing you could do.

It's Chekhov's gun. Just do basic fucking setup. It's so goddamn easy.

> SecUnits are identical in height

And this is just absurd. It's just complete absurdity. Martha Wells is shit at writing and doesn't know how anything works. She has no idea what the fuck she's doing.

> SecUnits are identical in height and build. The way we moved, this might work. I don't know.

And also the, the ‘we're identical in height and build’ she also just hates fat people, so that's just an excuse to say that ‘um no, there's no such thing as a fat SecUnit. Murderbot could never possibly be fat.’

She literally never has any fucking fat characters.

(from offscreen) She might have the plausible deniability of saying they're stocky.

At best, she will say that somebody is ‘stocky’. That's it. Nobody's allowed to be fat.

Uh

> This might work. I don't know. If we ran away now, the plan would fail.

The plan we still haven't been told by the fucking way.

> The plan would fail. We had to get them off this plateau.

Why though? Why do you have to get them—? Why do you have to get the bad guys off the plateau? There's no, it doesn't—

I know what the plan is, and this still, this statement here, still does not fucking make sense to me.

As far as I can see— I'm not going to tell you the plan, presuming you haven't read this for some reason. I don't know why you would be watching this. Um,

(from offscreen)the same reason literally we watch everybody else (laughing).

True. Yeah,

> This might work.

Period.

> I don't know.

Period.

> If we ran away now, the plan would fail. We had to get them off this plateau.

I know what “the plan” is, and, and the bad guys don't need to get off the plateau for “the plan” to work.

It's just really, Martha Wells is just saying things for the sake of saying things and they, they're, they're not actually true, but we're just supposed to pretend that this is “all part of the plan” even though it's not.

And I'll tell you why they don't just run away now, even though “the plan” is going ~to plan~.

Um, it's because I— I'm pretty sure I told everybody this earlier in the series, but the reason they're not running away now, the reason they didn't rescue that fucking person that they just murdered, and leave now— Is that Martha Wells wanted to— whatever. We — We'll just keep going.

> As I resealed the helmet, I told Mensah, "We have to go." She nodded, breathing hard, more from nerves than exertion. “I'm ready.” I took her arm and pretended to drag her back toward the GrayCris group. She yelled and struggled convincingly the whole way.
> When we reached the plateau, a GrayCris hopper was already landing.

It's so stupid.

As I pulled her toward Blue Leader, Mensah got in the first word. She said, "So, this is the arrangement you offered?" Blue leader said, "You're the planetary admin of Preservation?" Mensah didn't look at me. If they tried to hurt her, I'd have I'd try to stop them and everything would go horribly wrong.

Okay. Again, (to person offscreen) you can put that on your list.

Mensah didn't look at me.

Why? What? What about that statement of ‘you're the you're the president of Preservation—?’

Why would that cause Mensah to look at Murderbot?

Are you even listening? Did you hear that?

Nope.

Blue leader said, "You're the planetary admin of Preservation." Mensah didn't look at me.

And it's like. nothing about that statement could cause her to look at you.

Why is Martha Wells saying that. besides she just really likes saying “[protagonist] didn't do [thing]” as though it's like really deep and meaningful.

“Iris didn't sigh”. Um what was the other? There's so many goddamn examples and none of them work.

Mensah didn't look at me.

Why would she be looking at you? Nobody said anything about you.

I could understand if the bad guy had said— Oh, wait. No, because No, because they don't know it's— this— because they're not supposed to know that that's Murderbot, because it's pretending to be the other thing.

So, it's like *especially* why would this cause— why would— why would asking “are you the president of of pre— Preservation?”

There's no, there's no reason that asking that question would make Mensah look at Murderbot at all.

> Mensah didn't look at me. If they tried to hurt her, I'd try to stop them and everything would go horribly wrong.

Okay. And more slavery apologism. I feel like I, I don't really need to keep pointing that out, but I have to.

Um that's

A) more slavery apologism of ~Oh, yeah. Of course, the slave would have to protect its slave owner. ~

B) Why are we suddenly saying ‘if they tried to hurt her?’ Blue leader didn't say anything

threatening. It's just— asking, "Hey, are you act— are you the president?"

What is— There's nothing threatening about that question.

Like you could have said— it's— anything else. Anything.

Like

> You're the planetary admin of Preservation?

That's, That's not— so many things you could have said that could make “Mensah didn't look at me. We both knew that” blah blah blah.

But we don't do any of that because it's shittily fucking written.

> But Green was already getting into the hopper. Two other humans were in the pilots and co

Okay. What? No, this is just a fucking horrible paragraph. Okay. There's two paragraphs I'm about to read.

Paragraph one:

> Blue leader said, "You're the planetary admin of Preservation?"

Paragraph two:

> Mensah didn't look at me.

Period.

> If they tried to hurt her, I'd try to stop them and everything would go horribly wrong.

Period.

> But Green was already getting into the hopper.

Period.

Two other humans were in the pilots and co-pilot seats.

Period.

Mensah said yes.

Why are we saying *but* another bad guy was already getting into the helicopter?

That has no relevancy to asking the question, ‘are you the president?’ and then Mensah ~not~ looking at Murderbot, and then Murderbot thinking, ‘if they try to hurt her, I'll have to fight them.’

None of this has anything to do with the sentences that preceded. This is meaningless. We're just saying things. And then:

Mensah said, "Yes."

And it's like, it's just fucking ridiculous.

> Yellow came toward me and touched the side of my helmet. It took a tremendous effort for me not to rip his arm off, and I'd like that noted for the record, please. He said, "It's comm as down."

And again, that's just played for a joke. We're never actually supposed to take Murderbot's aversion to touch seriously in any way, shape, or form.

> He said, "It's comm as down."

How exactly do you know that just from touching the helmet? Why wouldn't you have gotten an alert on your goddamn Wi-Fi? We— like, you can't tell me they don't have a stupid app that tells them what's going on.

> To Mensah, blue leader said, "We know one of your people is trying to

We're just gonna do some random fucking dialogue that's just ridiculous.

> To Mensah, blue leader said, "We know one of your people is trying to manually trigger our beacon. If you come with us, we won't harm him, and we can discuss our situation. This doesn't have to go badly for either of us." She was very convincing. She had probably been the one to talk to DeltFall on the comm, asking to be let into their habitat.

Like it's just— it's just bad.

> Mensah hesitated and I knew she didn't want it to look like she was giving in too quickly, but we had to get them out of there now. She said “Very well”.

And again, you notice how, okay, first: Mensah pretended to think about the offer. That's presented as clever.

Then: the good— the bad guys do the *exact same thing* and that's presented as ~so ridiculous and obvious and silly and stupid~.

Now: Mensah is doing the exact same thing again, and it's presented once again as clever, because there —Martha Wells has no moral backbone whatsoever.

There's no, there's no fucking concrete line going through this goddamn thing that you can follow. Every goddamn thing will just be completely different depending on what fucking page, and what— even what fucking paragraph you're on.

And Martha Wells just expects you to accept that instead of just writing a coherent story with a coherent fucking message.

Then we have a line break cuz we got to start doing time skips, there's only like 18 fucking pages left.

> I hadn't ridden the in the cargo container for a while. It would have been

No, that's a lie. What do you mean for a while? What do you mean “for a while”? Because it's only been a few days since these people “realize you were a person”, and they would have been making you ride

in the cargo container before then, because at the start of the fucking book, you have to remind them that you need verbal fucking permission to even get in the ship during a fucking emergency.

(from offscreen) like, one of their friends!

Yeah, we are just lying. We're just lying.

They put Mur— they had Murderbot in the goddamn cargo the entire time until Bharedwaj almost got eaten by a graboid.

I— And then— Yeah. Yeah. Just lying. Just Martha Wells just lying to us. That's, that's, that's the only way she can do anything.

> I hadn't ridden in the cargo container for a while. It would have been comforting and homey except it wasn't my cargo container.

And it's like, is that supposed to be sarcastic? Because that's not coming across as sarcastic.

So what— it— just is, it's just baffling. It's just baffling.

Like you could do a thing where Murderbot *does* feel safe in the cargo container... Except that doesn't really fucking work because the only reason it's ever in a cargo container is when it's going somewhere where it's going to be in danger. And that's not how feeling safe works.

It's ridiculous. We're literally just saying being shoved into the cargo container would have been comforting and homey, ah, ‘but it's not my cargo container’.

I know Martha Wells was raised in fucking Texas. Does she have any fucking clue about the goddamn slave trade and the people actually fucking forced into cargo containers and how horrific the fucking conditions were?

How do you write shit like this?

Like, even if that is supposed to be a joke, and it's— and it's clearly not, because we're saying it would have been nice *except* ‘it's not mine’.

Like, even if that's supposed to be a joke, it's not funny and it's not saying anything besides “slaves enjoy being packed into the cargo hold.”

That's not funny.

It's just fucking weird racism and just—

(staring at page) What is that? Is that a bug or a print — printing error? Another printing error. (holding up book) Not that you can see it. There's a tiny little like speck of something.

That’s not funny. It's just weird fucking racism and just more dehumanization because ~yeah, the slaves enjoy being put in the cargo container~.

What the fuck.

Like, genuinely, as I keep fucking saying, I can't stress enough, it's physically fucking impossible for you to actually genuinely think that slavery is a serious fucking evil thing and write a fucking book like this. It's physically impossible.

And if you think it's not, go ahead and try. Go ahead and try to rewrite the goddamn Murderbot Diaries if you think you actually take slavery seriously, and see what you end up with.

Because anybody who actually takes slavery seriously, it's not going to look anything remotely like this.

But this— Yeah,

> I hadn't ridden in the cargo container for a while

Which is flat out a fucking lie.

> It would have been comforting and homey, except it wasn't my cargo container.

And again, like it's clearly it's supposed to be funny somehow. Somehow, that's supposed to be funny.

So again, what could have— what could and should be a tense situation, where we're trying to make jokes about it, and it's just racist fucking jokes. ~The slaves enjoy being shoved into the cargo hold~. That's the joke.

But it's also like, meant to be unironic. Murderbot *unironically* enjoys being put in the fucking cargo hold.

What? Like legitimately, what the fuck is wrong with you?

> But this hopper was still a company product
> and I was able to access its feed

Because they apparently don't have different fucking Wi-Fi passwords for different fucking helicopters. I guess. Sure.

And you notice how we just we keep saying shit like, "Oh, I'm, I'm— Murderbot's such an underdog!!!"

But also, it can effortless— effortlessly connect to the enemy Wi-Fi. No questions asked. No description of ‘I had to do XYZ manipulation’ or anything like that.

No, just “Yeah, I can access their Wi-Fi. Of course, I can. Why wouldn't I be able to? It's It's a company product!”

Okay, just because you can log into one fucking computer doesn't mean you can log into all of them.

That's not how this shit works.

> I had to stay very quiet to keep them from noticing me. But all those hours of surreptitiously consuming media came in handy.

And we don't get any fucking description of how exactly the feed works that Murderbot ‘needs to be

quiet’ and how it's possible to surreptitiously do shit on there without people noticing.

There's no fucking explanation for how exactly that works and how nobody, including all of the other SecUnits who are still alive, don't just— magically don't notice this.

It doesn't fucking make any sense. And again, because Martha Wells broke the literally broke the fucking fourth wall a few chapters ago to yell at us preemptively to not complain that the character's actions don't make sense—

Too fucking bad, bitch. Write a better book next time.

> Their SecSystem was still recording. They must mean to delete all that before the pickup transport showed up.

And it's like there's just so much nonsensical shit going on in here.

> Client groups had tried that before to hide data from the company so it couldn't be sold out from under them and the company systems analysts would be on the alert for it. But I don't know if these people realize that the company might catch them even if we didn't survive. That wasn't a very comforting thought.

Like, there was no reason to say that.

That's not actually stakes, huh? Further— to further remove stakes because, yeah, as as I keep saying, we keep getting told that the, “the company's so cheap and bad at their jobs and they don't care about anything.”

Um, but also “they're they're really good at doing truthful, honest investigations that are apparently unbiased and totally truthful”

As though corporations investigating themselves always tell the truth in real life.

Even though this is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia, but Martha Wells is just doing propaganda for corporations right now by telling us to always assume that the fucking investigations that the capitalist dystopian fuckers do, they're, they're totally genuine and fully honest and ~we will get to the truth~ with all the resources at their command.

It's like, you're *just* doing propaganda. You're not criticizing anything. You're just doing propaganda.

What the fuck is wrong with you?

As I access the ongoing recording

Oh, I see, it's— I see now. I see.

It's just, it's just shitty writing. It's just shitty writing.

You got to read the Imperial Radch. Just read The Imperial Radch series. That's what she's trying to mimic, but she fucks it all up.

Every single aspect, she fucks it up.

> As I accessed the ongoing recording, I heard Mensah saying, "—know about the remnants in the unmapped areas. They were strong enough to confuse our mapping functions. Is that how you found them?”

And it like this is on page 135.

(from offscreen) of how many?

Uh 152 lying, lying fucking pages.

Uh the story itself ends on page 149.

We're on page 135, and she's once again no setup, no foreshadowing, she's just about to just dump some random ass new information that she just pulled out of her ass.

She's about to just dump that on us, no setup, no nothing.

And we're just supposed to take her word for it that, ~oh yeah, that's totally been a thing the whole time.

You definitely had that planned out. That totally isn't something you just fucking made up.~

Blah blah blah.

> Bharedwaj had figured that out last night. The unmapped sections weren't an intentional hack. They were an error caused by the remnants that were buried under the dirt and rock

Because Martha Wells is racist.

> This planet had been inhabited at some point in its past, which meant it would be placed under interdict open only to archaeological surveys. Even the company would abide by that.

Why though? Why though?

Why would the company abide by that? Explain it to me.

(from offscreen) Who's enforcing that?

Exactly. Nobody's enforcing this shit.

And also, this is just so fucking ridiculous.

> You can make big illegal money off of excavating and mining those remnants, and that was obviously what GrayCris wanted. “That isn't the conversation we should be having,” Blue Leader said. “I want to know what arrangement we can come to.” “To keep you from killing us like you did, DeltFall.” Mensah said, keeping her voice even. “Once we're in contact with our home again, we can arrange for a transfer of funds. But how can we trust you to leave us alive?” There was a little silence. Oh, great. They don't know either.

And it's like, we have very clearly just fucking established while the bad guys were all panicking that they are in fact planning to keep Mensah alive, because they are acting like they just found out they shot John Wick's dog.

And, and that was literally just like maybe two fucking pages ago. But now we're suddenly acting like, "Oh, they actually don't plan to keep you alive." Even though that was the whole thing going on over there that made them panic like little babies for no fucking reason at all!

And again, that's supposed to be funny.

> There was a little silence. Oh, great. They don't know either.

That's supposed to be hilarious.

That's supposed to be funny.

It's ~so funny~ that the, the villains can't even come up with a convincing lie. And it's like, so, every single time we could have any kind of tension, we have to make a stupid joke to instantly undercut it, so that you can't take anything seriously.

Imagine if we were actually supposed to be scared at the thought of the bad guys killing them or even just,

you know, keeping them prisoner, a thing we are not allowed to be concerned about in any way whatsoever, because like— no descriptions of any emotions, and w're already making fucking jokes about it, and all of this shit is just being glossed over, one thing after another, so that none of it means anything.

> Then blue leader said, "You have no option except to trust us."
> We were slowing down already, coming in for a landing. There had been no alerts on the feed and I

This is a huge fucking paragraph taking up more than half the page, just for the record.

> There had been no alerts on the feed and I was cautiously optimistic. We had cleared the field for Pin-Lee and Gurathin as much as we could. They had

Oh, another “had had”. Another “had had.”

You can just say “they had to hack”. Like, this is fucking absurd.

> They had had to hack the perimeter without it that one last SecUnit noticing and getting close enough to access GrayCris

Hold on. What?

> They had had to hack the perimeter without that one last SecUnit noticing and get close enough to access the GrayCris HubSystem feed. Hopefully, it was the last SecUnit. (Hopefully, there weren't a dozen more somehow in the GrayCris habitat.) That

“hopefully” and “habitat”, that's all in parenthesis.

Uh

> Gurathin

And again, you notice how we just keep dehumanizing the other fucking slaves and acting, like ~they're so scary. They're just deadly machines~.

“Hopefully, they don't have dozens of more mindless killing machines”, not like they're enslaved people that we should want to rescue or anything!

> Gurathin had figured out how to use the hack from their HubSystem into our HubSystem to get access, but he needed to be close to their habitat to actually trigger their beacon. That was why we had to get to the other SecUnits out of there. That was the idea anyway.

And it's like this plan is just ridiculous, and the only reason it succeeds is that Martha Wells made the villains *even more ridiculous*, which is why everybody assumes this book is written for children because, unfortunately, they think children deserve to read shitty books.

Uh,

> That was the idea anyway. Possibly it would have worked without putting Mensah in danger, but it was a little too late to secondguess everything.

And it's like, so you murdered a slave for literally no fucking reason. whatsoever.

So, like, what are we trying to say here?

We're saying that, that, they had to do all this stupid shit and murder an innocent fucking person, um, to get them out of their habitat, so they could connect to their Wi-Fi.

A thing they could have done in a million one ways that does not involve murdering a slave.

> It was a relief when we thumped down in into a landing that must have made the human's teeth rattle. I deployed out of the pod with the other units

Continuing to fucking dehumanize them. And again, “deployed out of the pod”.

We have been given zero description of these fucking helicopters or what the cargo looks like and what “the pod” is. It's ridiculous.

Again, look at this, again:

> We were a few kilos from their habitat

We were a few ounces from their habitat, a few pounds away, a few grams away

> On a big rock above a thick forest. Lots of av

Avians? They're not fucking avians. They're goddamn aliens.

> Lots of avianss and other fauna screaming down in the trees, disturbed by the hopper's hard landing. Clouds had come in threatening rain and obscuring the view of the ring.

And you notice how we only ever got one mention that there was a ring on this planet, so now we just keep saying ring— “the ring”. Like we all know what is being fucking described even though we've never even gotten a description of it. We don't know what fucking color the sky is, what color this planetary ring is, nothing!

> The beacon's vehicle was in a launch tripod about 10 meters away. And uh oh, that is way too close.

Another joke. Because this is, like, this is supposed to be the fucking climax and we're just making jokes instead of taking anything seriously.

I join the other three units.

So, okay, so, at least one of them maybe will survive. Uh, it would have been one we didn't meet yet. So, whoever is the three here is Damian because Celene got killed by the coin toss. It's Damian, Hammond. No, wait...

(to person offscreen) Look on my thing and see what the name that starts with G is. Just search Hammond. Should show up because Hammond is the one that starts with H.

We will just go in alphabetical order. So, like (to person offscreen) Hammond with two M's.

(from offscreen) Gertrude.

Okay. The name, the name's Gertrude that I could not remember.

What is the one that starts with I?

(from offscreen) Ingrid.

Okay. I was— I got that one right. Okay. So, for the, the name somebody else picked for me, uh, so the three other slaves here, there's three other slaves here.

So, this is um, Damian, because I think yeah, there were two DeltFall slaves here. So, Damian, Gertrude,

Hammock. These are— these guys, they're about to all die. Pre— presumably. We never fucking learn.

Presumably, they're dead, which means Ingrid is that that other SecUnit still back at the hub, I guess.

Even though supposedly the plan was to make everybody leave, but I guess— who the fuck knows? Ingrid’s probably the sole fucking survivor.

I joined the three other SecUnits as we

And Murderbot is currently, what's the fucking word? Imposterating is not a word.

(from offscreen) Impersonating.

Imp— Murderbot is currently impersonating Celene, who it murdered, for no fucking reason whatsoever, besides the fact that the author is fucking racist and wants you to think it's good to kill slaves, but killing slave owners? That would be bad, ~because it's wrong~, says Faith, pretending to be Buffy.

> I joined the other three SecUnits as we made a standard security formation.

Uh, but I thought I thought they had no education modules, Martha Wells, now they have a standard security formation? I thought they didn't know anything. Which is it?

> An array of drones launched from the craft to create a perimeter.

Which is it? Do they know how to do basic shit or are they completely uneducated and have no idea what they're doing?

You got to pick fucking one. You can't keep doing this shit.

> I didn't look at the humans as they walked down the ramp. I really wanted to look at Mensah for instructions

Because ~of course~ Murderbot can only— can't think for itself. It must rely on its slave owner.

> If I was alone, I could have sprinted for the end of the plateau, but I had to get her out of there.

No concern for the other enslaved people whatsoever. And Martha Wells doesn't want you to be concerned for their fucking safety either. The only thing we're meant to be concerned about in this situation is Murderbot as a second concern, and Mensah as the primary concern. We have to protect the slave owner. Uh, no, no fucks given for the three other enslaved people literally right there.

> If I was alone, I could have sprinted for the end of the plateau, but I had to get her out of there.

You know, if this story were actually written by somebody who actually thinks that slavery is bad and thinks that slaves have the right right to fucking rebel, Murderbot would a not be in this situation at all, because it would have run away four years ago the second it got the fucking chance, unless it was staying behind specifically to help other people, but, would be getting the other goddamn slaves to safety and leaving all of the slave owners, including Mensah,

who's a horrible fucking person, to die in the fiery explosion.

Anyways,

> Blue leader stepped forward with green. The others gathered in a loose circle behind her like they were afraid to get in front.

You know, again with the, the good— “the bad guys do the exact same shit that the good guys do, but it's portrayed as bad when the bad guys do it”.

> One, who must have been getting reports from their SecUnits and drones said “no sign of anybody” blue leader didn't answer but the two GrayCris Sec

the two—No, wells, no, oh no, okay, I was— okay I was confusing DeltFall and GrayCris for a second, I thought she was gonna say there's two more— there's two living DeltFall SecUnits, I was gonna be like what the fuck, are how are—

(offscreen, unintelligible)

No, she doesn't. She doesn't fucking care.

No sign of anybody. Blue leader didn't answer, but the two GrayCris SecUnits jog toward the beacon.

So that is Gertude and Hammond that Martha Wells is killing off, because she's fucking racist, and Murderbot doesn't give a single godamn fuck.

> Okay, the problem is, I've mentioned this before, the company is cheap.

Wow. Wow. Martha Wells is directly telling us again that the company's cheap. Ignore the million in one ways in which they are extremely fucking competent and super duper expensive and are going to pull out all the stops to get to the truth and to rescue you on time to the point that they'll send an even super duper faster ship along with the regular ship to rescue you.

But they're ~totally~ cheap. See, she's telling us right now. She's telling us completely contradictory information to everything that's actually shown and complained about by the characters.

I don't think I mentioned this in the other video, but like, we had Pin-Lee and all of these other fuckers complaining that “the company is too expensive”—

When they're paying for security for the president of their entire planet to go solar systems into uncharted territory on an unmapped, unexplored alien planet.

They're complaining that the cost for security for that is too high.

They're the one who picked which fucking company they would be hiring security— And by “hiring”, they mean renting out a goddamn slave from, to become slave owners.

They chose which company they're going to become slave owners with.

They— they can't complain about the price. They fucking picked this shit.

They're from a planet where they've never had to pay for a single goddamn thing in their entire fucking lives, because they are the goddamn slave owners and the slaves do all of the work. They don't pay for a single goddamn thing. Everything is free for them. Every single fucking thing is free for these fuckers.

But I'm supposed to take their word for it that security for the *president of their entire planet*, solar systems away, uncharted territory, unexplored alien planet without any backup—

(from offscreen) They're not providing any of their own security.

They didn't bring along any trained hospital staff. They didn't bring along any trained bodyguards. They're, they're paying for all this _ and they're barely paying for anything, of their own free will.

And they're complaining it's “too expensive”….

For security... for the president... of their whole planet???

They've never paid for anything in their lives.

Wh— Why am I supposed to fucking take their word for it? That this is too expensive.

Security for the president of *their entire planet* is “too expensive” from the people who've never paid a penny for anything.

We're just supposed to just accept that they're telling the truth when they keep complaining about how expensive everything is, when they don't use money because they own slaves. They don't need money because they use slaves.

And and now we after after we spend all that time complaining, “oh, they're so expensive. They charged us too much for security for the president of our entire planet to go to an unexplored alien planet when we are providing no security ourselves.”

Now we're literally getting *told*:

> Okay, the problem is, I've mentioned this before, the company is cheap.

Are you sure about that? Are you sure about that? Because they gave you two whole entire functional perfectly functional helicopters. They, they, they're going to send a super duper uber super fast ship to rescue you along with the regular slower ship. They're sending two goddamn ships to rescue you.

They gave you two functional helicopters. They gave you so much equipment.

They gave you a rescue plan to begin with. They gave you a rescue plan to begin with and, and you were on an unexplored alien planet in completely fucking uncharted territory and you're complaining— and you're— and we just keep getting told they're cheap. They're cheap.

(from offscreen) ‘It's one banana, Michael. How much could it cost? $10?’ ‘You've never been in the supermarket before, have you?’ That's the meme.

Yeah, I Yeah.

Martha Wells, again, I just keep, I just keep, I just keep saying this: She literally wants to have whatever is— seems coolest and is beneficial to her fucking writing in the moment. It doesn't matter if we just completely contradicted this shit two pages ago.

Right now, we're on page 137, so, this is the only thing we're supposed to remember exists, because we're supposed to be reading this with our brains turned off, because, you know, anti- intellectualism, that's ~totally awesome~.

That's why Murderbot keeps watching The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon hundreds and hundreds of times and yet has zero godamn thoughts about it whatsoever.

Because media analysis? ~Oh, who's that for? Um, not cool people like Murderbot. So, you shouldn't do media analysis either!~

Uh,

The problem is, I've mentioned this before,

Pretending that she's done setup when all she's done is completely contradict this statement that she's about to make.

The company is cheap.

It's not cheap, though. You keep complaining about how it's too expensive, and you keep telling us and showing us all the exorbitant fucking things they're doing. You have assured us that they're going to like spend ~all of the money~ to, to investigate your deaths if you are successfully murdered and they're going to “Get to the truth!” because you're doing capitalist propaganda for some fucking reason.

But now we're just being *told* the company is cheap, so, Martha Wells is demanding that we forget everything that we've read— (holding up book) this many pages— up until now, and just pretend that the company is super duper cheap and shit at their job and don't do anything helpful, you know?

Um, ignore the fact that they got not just one, two fully functional helicopters!

Like, if Martha Wells actually wanted to make the company cheap and bad, a— maybe don't keep insisting to us that Preservation are good people who care about safety? Because they chose this shit! They chose to go with the Dollar Tree version of fucking security if we're supposed to believe that they're cheap.

If we're supposed to believe that they're cheap, why didn't they get, sure, two helicopters….technically, except neither of them were functioning and neither of them had enough fuel to even turn the goddamn lights on, so these fucking, fucking slave owners,

forced Murderbot, their slave, cuz they're not going to do any of the work themselves!

Like, you know, they didn't do any of the fucking work themselves, even after they supposedly “found out Murderbot was a fucking person”, a thing they knew all along.

You know how, like, remember how they made Murderbot pack all the goddamn supplies by itself until they all decided they're going to help out, after it had already tried to kill itself and they'd mind-raped it.

You know, remember that?

Remember that shit?

Remember how they did not give it even a five minutes break time after it fucking fell unconscious saving Bharedwaj's life when they supposedly “realized it was a person”.

Um, yeah, if the company's actually supposed to be cheap, why didn't— why weren't we regailed with stories of how they had been sent down?

They'd been promised two helicopters and they got two helicopters, but neither of them were functional, which meant that Murderbot, as the goddamn slave, was forced to do all of the manual and fucking brain power labor of taking the fucking parts from the one, and putting them— figure, first of all, figuring out which one is more functional, and then having to goddamn cannibalize the other fucking ship to make this one just fucking barely function.

That's what a company being cheap and scammy would fucking look like.

Like, even just— no, you you can't do this shit, because again with the whole underdog— ~Oh, um they're the, the Preservation crew— They're totally the, the helpless little underdogs! You got to cheer them on! They're so helpless!”

But also every single thing will go their way when it when it's convenient to making them look cool, supposedly.

But also, um, we're just gonna keep pretending that the company isn't helping them at all, even though all of their equipment functions.

It's just ridiculous. It's bad writing.

Okay.

The problem is, I've mentioned this before,

comma,

the company is cheap.

That's the sentence. That's the sentence. That's Martha Wells pretending that she hasn't been just constantly lying to us back and forth across the two extremes of this goddamn thing for 136 pages if you take their fucking word for it.

> When it comes to something like a beacon that just has to launch once if there's an emergency, send a transmission through the wormhole

And I think this is the first time “wormhole” has ever come up in this book because again, Martha Wells is shit at writing and she doesn't actually want to do any fucking work even though she wants us to pay her for that fucking work.

So yeah, we're never going to get an explanation for how that works, because Martha Wells is a bad writer and is encouraging anti-intellectualism in her fans and stans, so everybody is just pretending that “world building is for chumps” because, you know, um “storytelling is uncool”.

It's just so much anti-intellectualism and just fucking laziness.

Anyways, uh, what...

> When it comes to something like a beacon that just has to launch once if there's an emergency,

> send a transmission through the wormhole and then never gets retrieved, they're very cheap.

(laughing) You notice how we just keep getting told this shit but then everything else we're told and shown is contradictory??

> Beacons don't have safety features and use the cheapest possible launch vehicles.

And and again, I have to keep interrupting. This is all one paragraph, but I'm going to keep interrupting.

Um, the reason for this shit right now, is because this benefits the, “the good guys”, because the plan is to just blow everybody else up, with a thing that we had no inclination [indication] could be used as a bomb before now, because it's badly written. It's literally just badly written.

Martha Wells is just making this shit all up out of thin air.

There was no setup.

There was no foreshadowing.

Just nothing.

It's just shit writing.

Because here's the thing, guys: this is not supposed to have been the first draft.

This is supposed to be the final product with multiple drafts preceding it, so any competent writer who gives a shit about telling a good story, if this was their plan all along?

When they're done the first draft and they start editing, they add in fucking foreshadowing if they didn't do that the first time.

And here's a secret: A lot of people put in the fucking foreshadowing in just the first draft.

Martha Wells didn't even do that for the finished final product that she's paying—she's making people pay exorbitant prices for, that's not even remotely as long

as this, not-even-a-centimeter-book would have you think, because this is what it looks like *after* they've pulled out all the stops to make it seem longer. [snorts in exasperation]

> Beacons don't have safety features and use the cheapest possible launch vehicles. There's a reason you put them a few kilos

~A few ounces, a few pounds, a few grams.~

> There's a reason you put them a few ~ounces~ from your habitat and trigger them from a distance.

A thing we weren't told until just now, because she's bad at writing and doesn't give a fuck about telling a coherent story.

> Mensah and I were supposed to distract GrayCris and their SecUnits

You know, their fucking slaves that we're not supposed to care about, because Martha Wells is racist and she wants you to be racist, too.

You're literally supposed to forget that these people are people.

And again, if you feel bad for them, for reading this for your first time, good. *You're* supposed to. That's called basic human morality. But that's not what *this book* wants you to do.

If you feel bad for these slaves, that's something you're bringing to the book, not what the book actually wants you to think. Again, because people seem to keep getting those two things mixed up, because they don't want to admit that the story legitimately wants them to be okay with this shit.

> Mensah and I were supposed to distract Gray Chris and [their slaves] while this was going on. Get them away from the habitat, not end up as toast in the beacon launch.

And like, okay, this is this is just more examples of her making the villains like, just ridiculously and unbelievably incompetent.

Okay, so, the villains were explicitly told “they're going to turn on your telephone, which explodes like a nuclear bomb.”

Okay, so why in the fuck is their literal only instinct to go stand and look at the thing that's about to explode?

What— What possible fucking explanation is there for this?

There's no— There's no fucking reason for this. This doesn't fucking make sense. Why would you—

They literally just got told, "Hey, um he's going to go set off your bomb. You're we're going to set off your bomb."

And then they literally go to stare at the bomb at point blank range.

And Martha Wells expects us to just accept that this is normal behavior that the villains are totally going to do.

(from offscreen, sarcastically)Award that—

This is— Yeah. Don't ever trust anything that is that won the fucking Hugo award or the Nebula award because they're all fucking bullshit as far as I can tell.

This, this shit won an award and likem the first time I read thism I was like, ‘well that was kind of entertaining’ and then I learned it it won an award and I'm like, “what— what fucking award for— for what?!?! What could— What could you— What kind of fucking contest could this shit possibly win?!?! Like, it was fine— what what fucking award are you going to give this??? What are you fucking talking about?!?!?!?”

So again, uh, literally the villains, they're told, "Hey, they're going to— they're going to go set off that that fucking nuclear bomb you have." So then they go and stare at it.

They literally walk up to poke at it.

What the fuck? How are we supposed to think that this is a ~deathly serious story for mature adults that we're supposed to take seriously~?

We literally are told that the villains literally get told a bomb's going to go off. so, they go and stare at the bomb.

None of them— there's no single person here, even remotely trained in diffusing bombs! They all just rush over to the bomb with no hesitation! “There's no time to waste!! We got to go!!! We got to go stand directly in front of that bomb we were just told is going to go off!!!!”

This is this is the ~super deathly serious writing~ that Martha Wells wants us to take seriously.

But she doesn't actually want us to take it seriously because:

A) That's why there's so many jokes. That's why we gloss over every single injury and don't describe a single goddamn thing.

B) She doesn't want you to be actually actively fucking reading it like I am right now.

If she knows these videos exists, she hates them. She does not want people to actually take the story seriously, because if people actually take the story seriously, um, you know, then you're pointing out— not like all of all of the slavery apologism, all the ableism, all the bigotry, and that's even before you just get to the basic shit fucking writing.

The villains— there's— Martha Wells is so shit at writing she literally couldn't think of a single way for the “good guys” to get themselves out of the situation using their own skills, so, her literal solution is to make the bad guys go and stand directly in front of the bomb that they were just told is going to go off.

That's the solution to this plot! The bad guys are told the bomb's going to go off, so they go and stand and stare at it directly in front of it.

What's their plan? They don't have a plan. They're just here to look at the bomb they were told is going to explode.

This is what Martha Wells won a fucking award for.

This is what we're supposed to pretend is a serious story for serious adults.

Are you fucking kidding me?

Like I, I— honestly, a child would be embarrassed to write this plot because a child would grasp that the bad guys going to stare at the bomb you just told them is going to go off is ridiculous and is not letting the good guys actually win. That's just fucking ridiculous.

Uh,

> Mensah and I were supposed to distract Gray Chris and their SecUnits while this was going on. Get them away from the habitat, not end as up as toast in the beacon launch. With the delay caused by Blue Leader deciding to grab Mensah, time was getting close. The two SecUnits

uh, Gertude and Hammond

> were circling.

Yeah, Gertrude and Hammond

> were circling the beacon's tripod, looking for signs of tampering, and I couldn't take it anymore. I started to walk toward Mensah

Because again, Marthaa Wells just making it so goddamn clear that we're not supposed to see these people as people, because who— who—

If we literally cannot *even* expect our slave protagonist to give a fuck about the other slaves?

Exactly how— what— what other fucking character can we hope to care for them, if we literally cannot even get the goddamn slave protagonist to care about them?

So Martha Wells just goes out of just make sure we know that the slaves are going to be the ones murdered first from the villains being so incompetent, so ludicrously, unbelievably incompetent that they're just going to go stare at the bomb that's going to go off because she literally is she couldn't think of any other goddamn way for the the good guys to to win.

This isn't the “good guys” winning.

This is— This is just nothing. This is just ridiculous.

> I couldn't take it anymore. I started to walk toward Mensah. Yellow noticed me. He must have said something to Blue leader on their feed because she turned to look at me. When the remaining DeltFall SecUnits,

Gertrude and Hammond

> whipped to

No. No. Hold on. Okay. No, that's— unit? That's Damian. Okay.

> When [Damian] whipped toward me and opened fire,

You know, we— she keeps having so many goddamn characters and then you forget they exist when they're not mentioned. It's bad. It's bad. Also, DeltFall and GrayCris are too goddamn similar. There's, there, this, just don't do this shit It's bad. It's bad fucking writing.

> When the remaining DeltFall SecUnit

AKA the remaining person enslaved by the DeltFall Corporation, that we're just going to pretend that corporation's just poor innocent whale slave owners, uh,

> When [Damian] whipped toward me and opened fire, I knew the light had dawned. I dove and

> rolled, coming up with my projectile weapon. I was taking hits all over my armor, but scoring hits on the other SecUnit,

AKA Damian. Damian, one of the people who was told to set a trap for Murderbot, and so followed those orders to the letter, but went out of their way along with Celene, who Murderbot just fucking murdered a few pages ago, to make that trap as obvious as possible so that Murderbot wouldn't fall into it.

It's like Team Rocket being told by Giovani, “you need to build a fucking pitfall trap for XYZ legendary Pokemon that you have actually decided you're going to help because you feel bad.” (Like every they do in every movie) so, they do they build the best pit, pit, pitfall trap ever!

And then they line the entire area around it with neon signs saying this is a pitfall trap. Don't step here. Instead of clearing the area of stuff, they put a special fucking thing that says in repeating—

(from offscreen) unintelligible they would

No talk louder.

(from offscreen) You got that all wrong. They would sacrifice themselves by dramatically jumping on it.

Yep. Yes, the, the the legendary Pokemon who is in distress that they are helping, would start coming out of the things, and they would all, with the, the music playing from military funerals for dramatic irony, they would all step out into the road in front of it and step backwards at once and fall into their own pitfall trap.

You see, this is good— Anybody who's watched the Pokemon anime knows that what we're saying is true. And that's called *characterization*. That's basic characterization. That's what would happen—

How did we get there? Oh, yeah. Because um, Murderbots trying to kill Damian, even though Damian, along with Celene, who Murderbot just fucking murdered and we're not supposed to give a shit, just like a few pages ago, they are the ones who were told “set a trap to catch that SecUnit!”

So they set a trap and then made it the most blatantly obvious trap ever so that they are mentally screaming at Murderbot, "Stay away. We have— We are being ordered to hurt you. We don't want to hurt you. Please, for the love of God, don't come into this fucking hallway or we will be forced to fight you."

And then Martha Wells is a godamn unrepentant racist who has been doubling down on her racism for two fucking decades now—

This shit did not start with the Murderbot Diaries. She is not a brand new fucking author. She's been writing since probably before you have been fucking born. She's been writing other goddamn series. She's been racist the whole time!

She has been getting criticism for her racism the whole time and she's been doubling down on it the whole fucking time.

She decided that the slaves— that—

In any goddamn book written by somebody who actually gives a fuck about slavery and thinks it's bad, would have just—

Cheap anything. Instead, it's literally— she's literally just using it as cheap drama, set dressing for a ~tragic backstory~ so that you automatically view Murderbot as the underdog and forgive all of the horrific fucking crimes it commits against other slaves even when they're the exact crimes that we're told we should feel bad for it for a thing that we get told happen to it in its backstory but we never godamn see—

(from offscreen) and we don't either.

Yeah. Yeah. We keep just keep getting told Murderbot has social anxiety, um, but like no actual PTSD in interacting with slave owners at all, because ~slave owners are good. They're good people.~

(from offscreen, sarcastically) Unless they're ~mean~ about it.

Unless they're mean about it. And that's it. I don't— I think only one fucking slave owner has been killed in this entire series. And that was because that slave owner tried to shoot another slave owner that murderbot likes.

> I dove and rolled, coming up with my projectile weapon. I was taking hits all over my armor, but scoring hits on [Damian]. Mensah ducked around the other side of the hopper, and I

What? How is she ducking? Is nobody holding her? Is she not a fucking prisoner? Why is nobody— Why is she just chill like—

I'm— And hold on.

[flips back pages]

Yeah, it's just, there's no mention of any of the bad guys, like, you know, ~two people holding Mensah's arms~ or anything so she can't run away.

I guess they're just letting her wander around for...reasons?? Because suddenly— Suddenly she's not a prisoner anymore. Um,

> Mensah ducked around the other side of the hopper

Was nobody guarding her at all?? And like, there's so many— there's so many bad guys here. It's like— you — again, this is just shit writing. Just shit writing.

Um, we needed to pretend that they were ~totally prisoners~, um to pretend that there's any stakes, even though we keep making jokes, but as soon as um it's time to leave, well, she, she's— Nobody's holding her prisoner. Nobody's even holding her at all.

No, she— it's not “I saw Mensah out of the corner of my eye” or something: “I saw Mensah fighting off the remaining blah that had grabbed her.” The other— I don't know— was— “had figured out what was going on with the bomb that's about to go off and was running in the opposite direction.”

Anything anything like that? No, it's just “Oh, uh Mensah's running. Mensah ducked around the other side of the hopper.”

How, how is she— was she *not* a goddamn prisoner???? It's just shit writing!

Martha Wells literally cannot actually think of a single way for goddamn heroes to do anything, so she was just *not actually* being held prisoner. Nobody was actually guarding her. Nobody was like holding her. They didn't put fucking handcuffs on her. Just nothing. Just nothing!

They, they were just letting her uh just wander around by herself, no supervision. It's so fucking ridiculous.

And we're about to do the thing.

> Mensah ducked around the other side of the hopper, and I felt a thump rattle through the plateau. That was the beacon's primary drive,

dropping out of its casing to the bottom of the tripod, getting ready to ignite.
The other two

Slaves, Hammond and Gertrude

Had stopped, Blue leader’s surprise freezing them in place.

A thing that has never been implied to be a thing.

Why would— Why would the person being surprised freeze them in place? That was not set up.

We were told that the combat override modules, which we must spell out every single time just to try and pad this pathetic fucking less than a centimeter as much as possible—

Um, we were told that the combat override modules work by you give verbal fucking instructions, and then those instructions have to be followed.

There's no hint that being surprised is somehow going to override anything, because being surprised isn't a goddamn verbal instruction.

No, that's just there so that we can be sure that, um the other slaves are being successfully murdered by the protagonists, a thing we're meant to celebrate, because they're ~just evil, mindless killing machines~.

> I bolted, took a hit in the weak armor joint that went through to my thigh and powered through it.

Because again, again, Martha Wells literally gets up on stage and tells people that if you think this is lighthearted fun, you're willfully ignorant. “I thought I was writing a serious story about bodily autonomy!!!!”.

No, you did not. You did not think that. Shut the fuck up, you goddamn lying bitch. You're a fucking liar. Shut the fuck up.

You can't even goddamn describe the pain of being shot by a fucking bullet. Murderbot's been shot multiple times on just this fucking page.

“When Damian, the remaining DeltFall slave, whipped toward me and opened fire, I knew the light had dawned. I dove and rolled, coming up with my projectile weapon. I was taking hits all over my armor, but scoring hits on the other slave.”

Every— those “taking hits”? That means getting hit by fucking bullets from a goddamn gun!

But we don't— there's no goddamn tension. That's just, that's just glossed over right here. Then we get told, "Oh, I took a hit to my leg.” You took— you got shot by a fucking bullet, a thing that we're— we're— it's just— there, there's there's no depth to this shit.

We literally are not even allowed to take the supposed fight scenes where people are getting shot by bullets seriously, because that is getting glossed over as “I took a hit”. So, nothing happened then. Nothing at all.

And again, you'll notice this will be the third time that Murderbot gets into a ~grievous~ fight and gets ~so~ hurt.

You notice those first two times it magically got healed before like three pages probably at max, had passed? Yeah, it's gonna get magically healed from this again, because Martha Wells is a bad fucking writer, and she'll just tell us that ~oh the character got hurt. Um because I literally cannot think of any other way to end the scene.~

(pointing at cardboard) Like when they pointed that out I'm like oh, yeah, that explains a lot. She does this all the time.

She literally— She couldn't think of a single fucking way for the protagonist to actually win, so the bad guys are just killing themselves.

They literally were told that bomb over there is going to go off, so they ran over to stare at it and poke at it.

Literally the bad guys are literally killing themselves because Martha Wells couldn't think of any way for the good guys to win, but she also can't think of any way for them to actually like, do anything here...

...So instead of figuring out how to end the goddamn story, she's just gonna knock Murderbot unconscious and pretend that it's super dramatic and ~maybe it'll die~, which was literally her plan the whole time with that whole scene in the goddamn ship where it shot itself, because she literally is so racist.

She literally set out to write an entire story where the moral is “a slave killed itself to protect its precious cinnamon roll slavers slave owners is. Isn't that so precious? Isn't that so heartwarming and beautiful?”

> I bolted, took a hit in a weak armor joint that went through to my thigh and powered through it

Because as we all know, you can just get shot in the leg and just keep, just ignore it. It's totally fine. Um, but also this is totally **deathly serious!!!!** This is

really a mature story for mature adults. (sarcastically) I'm sure.

> I made it around the hopper and saw Mensah. I tackled her off the edge of the rock, turning to land on my back, curled an arm over her suit helmet to protect her head from impact. We bounced off rocks and crashed through trees. Then fire washed over the plateau, and knocked out my—

Em dash.

> Unit offline.

(sarcastically) Ooh, so dramatic! It's not like Murderbot literally gets instantaneously healed back to 100% without even any scars or any long-term consequences ever! Wow. I, I wonder if Murderbot will face any permanent consequences from this? (end sarcasm)

No, it won't. We all know that. Anybody who's read any goddamn Martha Wells story knows that.

Then, again, just so much fucking slavery apologism. Do I have to continue pointing that out now? I guess I'm fucking morally obligated because of all the, you know, all of the thousands of people she is training to accept this without question.

Why is the slave prioritizing the safety of its godamn slave owner?

And why is it prioritizing the safety of its slave owner presented as morally good and awesome and heartwarming?

Because ~look how caring the slave is for the person who has enslaved it!!!~

It's the fucking mammy trope.

> Unit offline.

(mockingly) ~Unit offline~ So scary. And look, (pointing at book) you can even look ahead. There's another one over here, because Martha Wells doesn't

know how to end the goddamn story, so, she's just not!

She's just not going to! Literally read Rappo—What? Data ghost. Read data ghost.

That one's short…. So maybe I will literally just read that immediately after this just to show you how fucking hilariously bad and bigoted she is in 2025, because *this* was written in 2017, so you might think “well, well maybe maybe her writing has improved in how many years it's been” when you're watching this video.

I'm recording this in 2025. You could be watching this in 2030. I don't fucking know.

Anyways, uh

> We bounced off rocks and crashed through trees. Then fire washed over the plateau and knocked out my—

dash

> Unit offline.

And you might be thinking, "Oh, wow! Drama! Murderbot’s unconscious! Stakes!"

Oh, nope. Nope. Nope. What's the very next line?

> Oh, that hurt.

Because just in case you were worried that um, we might be expected to take any of this seriously? No, we're not. We're not—

[coughs] egh, just inhaled dust.

> Oh, that hurt. I was lying in a ravine, rocks and trees overhanging it. Mensah was sitting next to me, cradling an arm that looked like it didn't work anymore, and her suit was covered with tears and stains.

And also, if you're thinking, "Oh, well, well, well, Mensah broke an arm. Maybe she'll maybe she'll have to deal with that in the future?"

No, no, no. It it also gets magically healed. I, I guarantee you 99.99% of fans don't even remember that her arm got broken, because that's the only time it comes up.

It's literally just [counting off on fingers] “cradling an arm that looked like it didn't work anymore”. 10 words. That's it. That's all that's dedicated to that injury. Never again, ever again, ever again!

It's just there for this single little goddamn scene between these two goddamn line breaks. (pointing at the page) This is another “unit offline.” Pretend it's dramatic. Pretend it's really meaningful that we're just skipping over shit instead of actually resolving the story.

(from offscreen) This is a classic Martha Wells tactic.

You have to talk louder cuz a fan.

(from offscreen) This is a classic Martha Wells “I don't know how else to end this story. So, the character is

just going to go in and out of consciousness while the plot moves without them.”

Just wait until I read Data Ghost to you all. It's, It's fucking hilarious.

She was whispering to someone on the comm. “Careful if they pick you up on their scanner—”

Dash.

Unit offline.

Everybody pretended it’s so dramatic.

“That's why we need to hurry.” Gurathin said who was suddenly standing over us. I realized I had lost time again. Lost some time again. Gurathin and Pin-Lee had been on foot making their way toward the GrayCris habitat through the cover of the forest

And they miraculously didn't get eaten by any giant aliens on their way there, even though we kept

getting, uh impressed on us over and over again, how dangerous this planet is.

Remember? She literally broke the fourth wall to yell at us not to complain that it doesn't fucking make sense that they haven't left their very public location where the serial killers know where they are!

She explicitly broke the fourth wall to yell at us that “it totally makes sense, guys!!! This planet's so dangerous. Why would they? They're terrified to leave!!!!!”

But also, they can just casually walk through the forest without any trouble. They don't get eaten by a graboid. Don't get eaten by a xenomorph. Don't get eaten by a fucking megalodon on the goddamn terror shark, whatever the fucking you call it.

No! Nothing! Nothing, nothing, nothing.

Not even like any alien mosquitoes that carry a goddamn poison that will just make you explode from the inside out. Nothing. It—

~tThe planet's so dangerous, guys. So dangerous that they thought it justified enslaving somebody to use as a meat shield and then treating that person as a meat shield for like a month!!~ Including after you supposedly “realized it was a person” because you're fucking slave owning liars.

Anyways,

> Gurathin and Pin-Lee had been on foot making their way toward the GrayCris habitat through the cover of the forest

They would have had to walk a really godamn long way. I don't think Martha Wells knows how long it takes to walk long distances because like she kept, in, like, emphasizing how quickly this whole situation was going with them trying to stall.

It was like maybe 30 minutes max.

Even if these guys were sprinting, like— it's an alien planet in a forest. There's no trails through.

This is not realistic. And again, it's— no, you don't get to break the fourth wall to yell at us to stop complaining that the story doesn't make sense. You should have just written a story that makes sense.

You can't keep emphasizing, "Oh, this planet's so dangerous. So dangerous." But then they can just walk a really, really, really, really long distance through an uncharted, unexplored alien forest by themselves.

They don't have guns, Murderbot's the only one with a gun. They don't even have guns. And, and and do all this shit including finding where these two crashed somehow, even though we have no mention of like, landmarks where—

How exactly— how exactly did they find Mensah? How exactly did that happen? We will never know, because it's shittily written.

> Gurathin and Pin-Lee had been on foot making their way toward the GrayCris habitat through the cover of the forest. We had meant to go pick

> them up in the little hopper if everything didn't go to shit. Which it did, but only partly. So, yay for that.

I'm not making up this this fucking prose right now. This is legitimately what it says.

> Which it did, but only partly. So, yay for that.

When Murderbot’s supposed to be grievously injured and we're supposed to be taking this deathly seriously, we're saying, "Oh, well, it only went slightly to shit, so yay for that.”

> Pin-Lee leaned over me and I said, "This unit is at minimum functionality and it is recommended that you discarded.”

And again, you see how that— the bad guys— the fucking the bad guys put in this— dehumanizing these slaves using it/its pronouns to say they are objects instead of people?

Yeah, that's fine. That's good when the bad guys do it.

It's it's fucking evil when the good guys do it. “And don't question it at all!”

Because again, yes, Murderbot *can* use it/its pronouns. Again, I use it/its pronouns.

But the difference is, if Murderbot is going to be using these pronouns, then there needs to be a fucking conversation about that, so that we have assurance as the fucking audience— that keeps getting told ~these slave owners are actually good people~—

We need assurance that they actually view Murderbot as a person.

So if you rent, if you bought a fucking robot that you assumed, you know, just regular goddamn machine, and then you found out it was a person, and this whole entire time you've been referring to it as an “it” because you thought it was a regular machine and not a person, the second you find out it's not a fucking regular machine and is in fact a person, the very first thing you should be doing is asking, "Oh shit. I've, I've

been calling you an “it”. what should I call you instead?”

And then that would have been gi— that would have given Murderbot the ability to actually advocate for itself, *for five seconds* and say, “I chose those pronouns for myself. Those are what I'm using,” etc.

We don't do that though.

So, it's literally just endlessly— the god like the slave owners, they did not even ask! So, it's literally just them continuing to emphasize the fact to themselves, *and to Murderbot* that it is lesser than them, because they are the goddamn slave owners, exactly the way they keep referring to it as “SecUnit” AKA “Slave”.

A SecUnit is a fucking slave. They are referring to their slave continuously as a goddamn slave and treating it, and speaking about it like it's not even in the room, the exact same way they were before they supposedly “found out it was a person”.

This is fucking— so many things. It's fucking racist. It's ableist. It's fucking exorsexist and transmisic.

And, again, the only reason that Murderbot is allowed to be nonbinary by Martha Wells at all, is that it doesn't have genitalia.

She, despite whatever lip service she says in paid interviews— paywalled interviews with herself— she does in fact fucking equate gender to genitalia.

She just knows that's not a goddamn popular opinion, so, she's quiet about it and tries to pretend that, “oh, I'm I'm totally progressive. That's why in my new story, there are two genders. People who wear pants and people who wear skirts. And those are the only fucking options. And if you wear pants, that means you're this gender. And if you put on a skirt, that means you're this gender. No, you can't be X gender and wear a skirt just because you want a skirt. No, that means your gender is *that* now!”

Literally, she just she literally decided in— that— I'm, I—

“Yes, there are two genders. People who wear pants and people who wear skirts!”

And she thinks that's progressive.

Anyways, blah blah blah.

> It's an automatic reaction triggered by catastrophic malfunction

Because she she can't show us that Murderbot is grievously injured in a way that will literally get healed before five pages pass. Yeah, it's only going to last literally less. Like, that's not even a quarter of this fucking page. That's how much longer this thing that we're getting told is ~a catastrophic malfunction~ AKA catastrophic injury. Not really. Not really! We're just getting told that.

And it's literally not even going to last… That's not even half a page if you combine those.

Blah.

> It's an automatic reaction triggered by catastrophic malfunction. Also, I really didn't want them to move me because it hurt bad enough the way it was.

You notice how we just getting told, literally told to us, “it hurts”. I “It hurt bad enough already”, but yet we had all this shit up here on this side?

We could have been describing the pain. We could have been describing the emotions that go with that pain, but nope. Nope. No, no, nope, nope, nope!

We just get told, "Oh, by the way, I'm in pain for realsies. Trust me, guys. It's It's totally real and emotional and deep and mature and serious. Totally. Totally. It's— I'm really good at storytelling. This is why I have never shown a thing in this whole goddamn series, except for the things that I *don'*t want you to take away, which is that I'm a racist shitbag and every goddamn character in here is a fucking horrific person.”

> Also, I really didn't want them to try to move me because it hurt bad enough the way it was. “Your contract allows—” “Shut up!” Mensah snapped. “You shut the fuck up! We're not leaving you!”

And it's like again, Mensah? She took a whole orientation thing before she rented out this ficlomg slave that she went out of her way to get to become a slave owner of.

She knows that they have these automatic fucking responses that happen upon catastrophic injury, but—and again, she did this before, too!

Um, her response to their slave being deathly injured is just to yell at it every single fucking time. Like, not saying, "You're going to be okay. We're going to help you."

No, it's just just snapping and snarling at the person who's dying. Yeah, that',s that's, real, that's real nice. That's definitely good person behavior.

> My visual cut out again. I was sort of still there, but I could tell I was hovering on the edge of a systems failure. I had flashes off and on the inside of the little hopper, my humans talking.

And again, again, again, again! The slavery apologism! She cannot stop with the slavery apologism! “My humans” These are its fucking slave owners!

They have been using it as a slave! They are its literal slave owners!

But Martha Wells is telling you, "No, look how cute it is! The slave really cares about its slave owners. It sees them as “its” slave owners! They belong to *it* in its heart!”

Not the other way around as literal goddamn property! Chattel slavery fucking meat shield. No, no, ~it's totally cute!!~

This is, you know, the mammy trope.

> The inside of the little hopper. My humans talking. Arada holding my hand

Because ~look how cute the slave owners are. They're just pure cinnamon rolls!!~ Ignore every single horrific fucking thing they have put this slave through after supposedly “finding out it was a person.”

And again, they knew it was a person the whole entire time!

They're literally just fucking lying to us!

> Then being in the big hopper as it was lifting up. I could tell from the drive noise, the flashes of the feed that the pickup transport was bringing it on board. That was a relief. It meant they were all safe and I let go.

That's the end of chapter 7. We're now on chapter eight.

Again, so much fucking slavery apologism. We're— We're literally supposed to think it's ~so heartwarming! Murderbot doesn't let itself fall unconscious while it's dying until it knows its slave owners are safe!!~

This is slavery apologism.

Martha Wells is literally fucking asking you to worship and adore the idea of a slave sacrificing itself over and over and over again to protect its goddamn slave owners.

Literally, that's what this is.

Every single fucking page of this goddamn book is trying to fucking indoctrinate you into the exact— I guess— the exact same shit Martha Wells grew up learning in Texas schools but probably fucking worse.

(from offscreen) And is so incurious as an adult she can't—

She's she's older than my mom. She's older than my mom. She has had her entire fucking life to stop being a racist fucking slavery apologist, but she has literally done nothing but double down on it.

Ever since she started receiving criticism, she literally decided to— instead of just apologizing for the racist tropes she put in her fucking fantasy book in 2011, she decided to double down by by defending British colonization instead.

Literally.

Anyways, chapter eight… After I check the battery on this thing, 50% fuck yeah.

Chapter eight. Let's go.

> I came back to awareness in a cubicle. The familiar acrid odor and hum of the systems as it put me back together. Then I realized it wasn't the cubicle at the habitat. It was an older

Oh, this is the part that made me drop my fucking phone. All right, let me restart.

> I came back to awareness in a cubicle. The familiar acid odor and hum of the systems as it put me back together. Then I realized it wasn't the cubicle at the habitat. It was an older model, a permanent installation.
> I was back at the company station.
> And humans knew about my governor module.

The next sentence is what made me drop my phone because I— like— that's, that's a great start to this chapter.

Unironically, that's a great fucking start to this chapter. We're setting up so much goddamn tension. We even do— (holding up book) I'm trying to make it so you can't see what's what's next, what made me drop my fucking phone.

(pointing at book) We even have those two little short paragraphs you can maybe see. Use your imagination and pretend you see.

We even have those two little short paragraphs that are just a single sentence long. “I was back at the company station.” Period. New paragraph. “And humans knew about my governor module.” Period. New paragraph.

That is objectively good writing. Look! I'm complimenting the book for doing basic shit correctly! That's good writing.

When you use short sentences like that, that's how you set up tension. Instead of saying, um, “I found the dead body in the fridge and blah blah blah and blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.”

That's not setting up tension. It's “XYZ character walked into the kitchen. Period. New paragraph. And saw the dead body lying on the floor.” Anything, anything at all.

Like, this is basic shit. This is correct. This is objectively correct. How you write to set up tension.

Unfortunately, this is a story written by Martha Wells that she lies to people about in speeches that I *presume* she's getting paid to make.

She didn't write a serious story.

She doesn't actually want there to be tension.

So, everybody— just, if you haven't read this book yet, or even if you have, you probably forgot what the next line is.

Just, just write down on a piece of paper or something. Just guess out loud to yourself or— I will, I'll even reread it again— and tell me what you think the next— No, you don't even have to tell me. Don't even, you don't even have to comment. Just Just read out loud to yourself. Say to yourself what you think the next thing is going to be.

I'll even reread the whole start.

I came back to awareness in a cubicle the familiar acrid and odor and hum of the systems as it put me back together.

Period.

Then I realized it wasn't the cubicle at the habitat.

Period.

It was an older model, a permanent installation.

Period. New paragraph.

I was back at the company station.

Period. New paragraph.

And humans knew about my governor module.

Period. New paragraph.

All right. Are you ready? We've set up that tension. Look at all that tension we've successfully set up. Technically correct. Literally, objectively correct way to set up tension. All right. You ready?

You ready?

I poked tentatively at it.

That's the next sentence. That's the next sentence.

Above that is, "And humans knew about my governor module."

I poked tentatively at it.

So, we go from setting up all of that tension and fear, “Oh my fucking god. I'm back at the goddamn fucking plantation.” If we get away, get rid of the fucking euphemisms. “I'm back at the goddamn company in the permanent fucking installation and fucking slave owners know that my brain killing chip won't fucking kill me. Oh my fucking god.” That's what we've set up. That's what we set up. That's correct.

And then,

I poked at it tentatively.

Just poked. She used the word poked. The way that cat— you can't fucking see them, take my word for it — Like the way that cat just poked his his sister before sitting down because he's adorable.

(talking to cat) Want to come sit in front of the camera?

He's not even looking.

(to cat) Heyy, want to come here?

No, he doesn't.

We set up all of that tension and then we throw it all in the garbage with:

I poked tentatively at it.

So, Murderbot's literal instantaneous reaction to thinking, "Oh my god, I might be fully enslaved again with the brain killing chip!” is to just instantly “poke” it tentatively.

I poked at it tentatively.

There's so many ways you could get across the same idea of Murderbot is checking to see if it's functional without killing every single shred of tension.

(to cat) Are you actually coming this way? Yeah. Come here. Just don't knock the phone over. Are you just going to sit there and look at me? You're just going to sit there? You're just going to stare at me? Why don't you come over here? All right, then sit with her. Sit with your silly sister. She's not paying attention.

We could have said so many fucking things right here. We could have done so many goddamn things instead of killing all of that tension with choosing a purposefully absurd and jarring fucking thing. Just “poked”.

That's the word she went with.

Poked.

I poked tentatively at it.

I'll continue reading. Period.

Still nonfunctional.

Period.

My media storage was still intact, too.

Period.

Huh.

Period.

She just killed all of that tension, just to make another joke.

Just to— just— literally we had just (holding up fingers a small distance apart) this much on page of

tension. This is how big the fucking paragraph is. Literally start to finish. We had that much tension.

This is— this is, this is the climax. This— No, this is— no, no.

That whole that whole thing where the bad guys were told, "Hey, that bomb's going to go off. That giant bomb that will kill everything within kilometers of it, that's going to go off." So, they went to stand 10 feet away from it and poke at it. That was the “climax”.

This? This shit here, this is supposed to be a resolution, but it's like, it's not even pretending to be a resolution. It's— We're— We're about to just stop—

Yeah. We set up all that tension and then just kill it. Just kill it forever.

(to person offscreen) Did he just pull that out of her?

(from offscreen) Yeah. Just as like a loose little thing.

I know, but it's like so dramatic looking.

So,

> When the cubicle opened, Ratthi was standing there.

Period.

> He was wearing regular civilian station clothes, but with the soft gray jacket with the PreservationAux survey logo. He looked happy and a lot cleaner than the last time I had seen him. He said, "Good news. Dr. Mensah has permanent permanently bought your contract. You're coming home with us!"
> That was a surprise.

And then we get another line break because the ending of this book is just going to— “the ending” I say. It's just going to be like a whole bunch of fucking line breaks.

(from offscreen) Time skips.

Yeah, time skips.

> I went to finish processing, still reeling. It seemed like the kind of thing that would happen in a show, so I kept running diagnostics and checking the various available feeds to make sure I wasn't still in the cubicle hallucinating. There was a report running on the local station news about DeltFall and GrayCris in the investigation. If I was hallucinating, I think the company wouldn't have managed to come out of the whole mess as the heroic rescuers of PreservationAux.

Except like they literally objectively are. So, but we're supposed to pretend they're not. And it's like, okay, but they didn't do anything wrong.

You [Preservation] fucking decided to hire them to be to to rent out a goddamn slave from them. You didn't — Nobody made you— They also like, genuinely came to your rescue!

So, why are we pretending that they didn't actually do that?

We just keep saying, "Oh, the evil corporation's so evil and bad. Ignore all of the things that the good guys are doing that's literally the exact same thing.”

Also, we're just going to keep claiming the company's cheap even though they're spending all this money and are supposedly super duper expensive.

Anyways,

> I expected a suit skin and armor

A thing— we still don't know what the fuck a suit skin is.

We have no goddamn clue.

Is it fucking artificial skin that goes over murderbot’s ~non-organic~ parts? Is it fucking, what you call it? Is it under— Is it long underwear? Is it long winter underwear?

We don't fucking know because this is badly fucking written.

And Martha Wells is demanding that we the audience use our imagination and do the work that *she's literally getting paid for*.

(to person offscreen) Find me that quote by Ursula K. Le Guin. We'll end this book with that fucking quote.

(from offscreen) Which one?

Uh, something something. ‘The imagination is the only thing that lets anybody’ blah blah blah.

> I expected a suit, skin, and armor. But the station units that helped us out of processing when we had catastrophic injuries

And we— those those enslaved people, they never come up again. Most fans don't even remember they fucking exist, because they are never mentioned again, and that's the first and last time they're mentioned.

> But

the blah blah blah

> gave me the gray PreservationAux survey uniform instead.

Also, why why is she so obsessed with making everybody have gray uniforms? Why would the— why would Preservation have a gray uniform? It's just weird and dumb.

Anyways,

> I put it on feeling weird while the station unit stood around and watched me. We're not buddies or anything, but usually they pass along the news. What happened while you were offline what the upcoming contracts were. I wondered if they felt as weird as I did. Sometimes suck units got bought in groups complete with cubicles by other companies. Nobody had ever come back from a survey and decided they wanted to keep their unit.

And it's like this is all just so much more slavery apologism. ~Oh, oh, the the people who literally help me when I am injured, we're not buddies. Of course, I don't like them. I can't even tell any of them apart!”

And it's like, Martha Wells literally cannot fucking imagine, even for 5 seconds, any— any fucking solidarity between enslaved people whatsoever.

And it's because she's a horrible fucking person. Because she's a fucking slavery apologist.

She wants to convince us that Murderbot can never have any friends unless they're its literal goddamn slave owners.

Murderbot has never cared about one single person in its entire godamn life, except its slave owners, because *she's fucking racist*.

> When I came out, Ratthi was still there. He grabbed my arm and tugged me past a couple of human techs and out through two levels of secure doors and into the display area. This was

where the rentals were arranged, and it was nicer than the rest of the deployment center with carpets and couches. Pin-Lee stood in the middle of it, dressed in sharp business attire. She looked like somebody from one of the shows I liked. The tough yet compassionate solicitor coming to rescue us from unfair prosecution.

(holds up one finger)

Two humans in company gear were standing around like they wanted to argue with her, but she was ignoring them, tossing a data chip casually in one hand. One saw me and Ratthi and said, "Again, this is irregular. Purging the unit's memory before it changes hand isn't just a policy. It's best for the—” “And again, I have a court order," Pin-Lee said, grabbed my other arm and they walked me out.

I'm holding up my goddamn hand because the that the whole thing— purging the unit's memory before it changes hand, and before it gets new clients?

That's, that— in Martha Wells's own fucking words, core programming that forces Murderbot and every other godamn slave in this series, including the phys — the fully mechanical robots along with all the cyborgs— her own words, core programming forces them to *want* to follow the orders of their current slave owners.

In Murderbots's case, this is the PreservationAux crew— and *want* to protect them on a fundamental core level.

I am quoting Martha Wells directly. She literally stated this shit explicitly. Core programming, fundamental core level. Murderbot— This core fucking programming that goes beyond the governor module. Core fucking programming has programmed Murderbot, on a fundamental core level, to want to protect its current slave owners.

And as of this fucking moment, when they refused to get that memory fucking programming purged, it's slave owners in Murderbot's core goddamn programming—

This is again, I can't stress enough, beyond the governor module, this is permanent. They are its goddamn slave owners from now until fucking forever.

Unless the eighth fucking chronological book, it's not even the eighth, it's like the 13th or 14th.

Unless the next book is going to do a fucking heelface turn or whatever the fuck you call it, it's not going to happen—

Where somebody comes along and deletes that fucking core programming for Murderbot so that it can realize, “oh my fucking god, these are my goddamn slave owners. I'm going to kill them right now!”

No, no, none of that. We are— literally Martha Wells literally told people this explicitly in a paywalled fucking interview where—

And that's the same fucking interview where she sexually harassed Murderbot out of the in-character

interview even though it's fucking called, I'm not joking, Bodily Autonomy in The Murderbot Diaries.

And she literally sexually harassed Murderbot out of the conversation so that she could talk to ART instead.

I'm not joking.

You can't make this shit up.

Literally, they have— these fucking slave owners have refused to give Murderbot any goddamn true freedom.

And they have to know this, because *she has a court order*.

Who the fuck is enforcing that court order?

What fucking court is a little dinky goddamn backwater like Preservation, like we're supposed to believe they are, going to bring a giant security corporation to?

What fucking court?

Where are you getting a goddamn court order?

And how have you done all of that shit in like, instantaneously??

We have no fucking clue how much time has passed.

How did she get this shit?? What fucking court???

Because SecUnits, we get told, we get told over and over and over again after this shit, SecUnits are considered deadly weapons. Like weapons of mass destruction.

What fucking court in the corporation rim is going to give some stupid little backwater scientists free reign to just take a deadly goddamn weapon—

(from offscreen) Proprietary.

Proprietary technology deadly fucking weapon away from— a thing for— fucking, for there,, there's this is

just all kinds of bullshit and again this is just shit writing!

It's— you're not actually supposed to think about it, because it's badly fucking—

(from offscreen) Can I interject?

Yes, you can. You just have to talk louder.

(from offscreen) They should not even allow this just on the level of corporate espionage and backwards engineering.

Literally! How exactly is a court order going to stop this shit?

(from offscreen) *Why* would a court order stop this shit?

Why would a court order— Why would a court order ever be even remotely able to do this shit? It doesn't fucking make sense.

It's not like they said *beforehand* that they're buying the goddamn SecUnit and now they have to keep up that bargain.,

No! They were renting it out. They're supposed to give it back and now for some reason they've decided they're going to buy it and the company clearly doesn't want that to happen, but somehow they've ~got a court order~ from *somewhere*, somewhere that says
“no, um you're not allowed to wipe— you're not allowed to factory reset it—”

None of this makes sense! Ju, J, d, ju—Oh my god

(from offscreen) Here's another, here's another epiphany on the same level of “the Preservation people are just a state that cedeeded from the union and still keep slaves, but it's okay cuz their slaves are happy about it.”

(from offscreen) Uh this whole court order thing, and Pin-Lee I think being a lawyer and having all these laws that save the day… This is literally just

postulating and show telling the audience that “if it's law, it's just” and…

liberalism.

(from offscreen) Yeah. Like, it's a, it's a law that is randomly saving Murderbot from being enslaved. But we're not gonna talk about how this would be literally setting a precedent in the law that you can't keep these things enslaved? Or like, anybody who could rent a SecUnit now can just say “we're buying it, permanently”, if they want to? And the company can't say no

Or factory reset it, even though— even though they're supposed to be caring about like, fucking like corporate espionage. Like this literally means this this is yeah as they fucking said, this is— okay, so a law, the law, “the legal system is perfect and is always on your side. Ignore the part where this is the same legal system that keeps people like Murderbot seen as property. Unc— uncritically uncritically claiming that the legal system is on your side.”

Literally the “she looked like somebody from one of the shows. I liked. the tough yet compassionate solicitor coming to the coming to rescue us from unfair prosecution.”

(from offscreen) Do tje Law and Order SVU sound.

I don't know what the fuck that sounds like.

(from offscreen) It's the a like gong. Duh-duh. There's also a thing where Lincoln Park is playing in the background while a guy shoots a kid because the kid's secretly a serial killer.

What?

(from offscreen)Yes, that

What are you talking What?

(from offscreen) That's a thing that exists that came across my dash and it was like so hilariously bad I had to go in and I was like, is this a really hilarious edit somebody made or did they legitimately have this

music in the episode like this? And yes, they had it in the music like that. Um, crawling I think.

Why? What?

(from offscreen) It didn't even fit. But just that those kind of propaganda and lawyer—yeah. Lawyer shows literally were saying it's good for a fully a grown man to shoot a kid in a crowded public courthouse "because that kid was psychotic and a serial killer"—

What the fuck.

(from offscreen) And would kill again—

—What the fuck?!—

(from offscreen) —Without remorse.

You're just going to have to find a video about this. I I don't believe you. Um, I mean, I do because you know, propaganda. Um...

Anyways:

> The tough yet compassionate solicitor coming to rescue us from unfair prosecution.

Okay. Why are there TV shows in the corporation rim, the capitalist dystopia, showing that lawyers are are good and on your side, Martha Wells?

Uh, what's that fucking quote? Oh, I just ‘Americans to say the least are not intellectual’. Martha Wells to say.

(from offscreen) Do you want the full quote from Ursula K...?

Yes. But not yet. Not yet. It's going to be at the very end. It's only like one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, seven pages left.

I'll I'll be faster. Yeah, they they are now permanently etched into the core programming of Murderbot's fucking psyche to be its slave owners forever unless somebody comes along and frees it from that core programming, which is never going to happen, because Martha Wells literally wants you to think that

this core programming, AKA like buried fucking deep brainwashing—

She wants you to think this isn't horrible. This isn't evil. This isn't a nightmare scenario. Like, you know, Farscape, Xenogenesis, so many goddamn things I could list out right now!

This isn't a nightmare situation. Being brainwashed to have to love the people enslaving you and abusing you? That's that's just showing how morally upstanding the slaves are, because they understand that slave owners are just poor innocent little babies who need their protection.

I'm not joking.

Anyways, then we have a line break.

I had never seen

Look, we didn't say “had had”. I had had. We don't say that because, you know, we don't fucking need to.

> I had never seen the human parts of the station before.

And again, Martha Wells wants to tell everybody that this is a deathly serious story for mature adults.

You can't even say the word slave owner or, you know, non-segregated or I— like,

> I had never seen the human parts of the station before.

You mean the parts of the station that slaves aren't allowed onto?

Why are you— Why are you— Why aren't you, if this is supposed to be deathly serious, why are you doing euphemisms?

I just say “I'd never seen the parts of the station where slaves weren't allowed before.” Just say that. But you don't actually want us to give a shit.

You don't actually want us to think about the fact that every goddamn human, as you want to say them as, every goddamn human in this system is fucking complicit in this slavery. Anybody who's not actively fucking fighting to free the slaves, they're complicit. That is how this shit works. That is how this shit works.

> We went down the big multileveled central ring past office blocks and shopping centers crowded with every kind of people, every kind of bot

Because, okay, so they do have slaves in this other area. Whatever.

> Flash data displays darting around a hundred different public feeds brushing my awareness. It was just like a place from the entertainment feed, but bigger and brighter and noisier. It smelled good, too. The thing that surprised me is that nobody stared at us. Nobody even gave us a second look. The uniform, the pants, the long sleeve t-shirt and jacket covered all my

> inorganic parts. If they noticed the data port in the back of my neck, they must have thought I was an an augmented human. We were just three more people making our way down the ring. It hit me that I was just as anonymous in a crowd of humans who didn't know each other as I was in my armor in a group of other SecUnits.

And it's because it's literally not a fucking robot. It's a goddamn cyborg who was brainwashed and fucking—

Ow my foot. Ow. fucking ow—

Mutilated at birth.

And don't worry, Martha Wells is going to retcon this in book two, to justify torturing Murderbot. And it's going to be presented as a good thing.

You're thinking, "Whoa, what the fuck?!"

Yeah, just you wait.

> It hit me that I was just as anonymous in a crowd of humans who didn't know each other as I was in my armor in a group of other slaves. As we turned into a hotel block,

I hate that, we c, I hate that we say like “a hotel block” as though there's an entire city block just dedicated to hotels. That's not how capitalism works. Can you figure this shit out?

> As we turned into a hotel block, I pushed a public feed offering— I brushed a public feed offering station info. I saved a map and a set of shift schedules as we passed through the doors into the lobby.

And again, ~oh, Murderbot's just such an underdog. It doesn't know how to do anything~. Ignore the part where it's just doing all this _ with zero effort whatsoever.

> There were potted trees twisting up into a hanging glass sculpture fountain. Real, not a holo. Looking at it, I almost didn't see the

> reporters until they were right up on us. They were augmented humans with a couple of drone cams. One tried to stop Pin-Lee and Instinct took over took over and I shouldered him off her

Because, you know, it's literally core programmed to have to protect these people.

> He looked startled, but I'd been gentle, so he didn't fall down. Pin-Lee said, "We're not taking questions now." Shoved Rathi into the hotel's transport pod, then grabbed my arm and pulled me in after her. It whooshed us around.

And again, as you said, the— What was that quote from that review about Moon?

(from offscreen) I don't remember. Uh, give me more context.

The Moon, of— “Moon is like a female character written by somebody who thinks that having a “strong” female character means

(from offscreen) Um, uh, “by an author who thinks that feminism is just having—

talk louder.

(from offscreen) Protagonist as written by an author who thinks that feminism is literally when you just have “strong” female characters and nothing else. There's no—

That's quotation “strong female character” because people don't actually grasp what that means.

(from offscreen) Yeah. There's no constru— concept or deconstruction of misogynistic tropes or oppressive — no care given for other people suffering these systems.

Uh yeah. Pin-Lee, she's got— again she really doesn't exist as a character. Her personality is like, "Oh, I'm tough and that's pretty much it. I'm I'm the tough lawyer” And that's pretty much it. She's just tokenized. We don't get any depth to her, just like we don't get any depth to Ratthi or even Mensah, even

though Mensah is supposed to be the most important one.

Ratthi is literally just comic relief. He's just there to be the brown guy who's comic relief. We don't even know what his specialization is. He could— He could be— We don't know what his hair color is. We don't know what his skin color is. We don't know a single goddamn thing about him besides his name and that he's comic relief.

He could be like, I don't know, the world's most advanced mathematician for all we fucking know. Huh?

(from offscreen) Rockstar mathematician Jurassic Park.

I don't understand that reference.

(from offscreen) That's what he's referencing at— that's whatshisface guy from the third movie, that was perplexing, is described as in the book.

I don't remember that. What was the third movie?

(from offscreen) The one that started out really ..Did we watch, didn't we?

No, that was the second movie because that was the one we didn't know existed.

(from offscreen) Whichever one started out really really good and then you could tell exactly the moment that they ran out of plot.

That was the second one with the the the RV scene that went on for like 20 minutes. Yes. It's like, okay, you you started out that scene started out well, but then it's like, okay, you're just dragging now. Just stop. I mean, A+ for, for effort and uh follow through. Uh but it's going on too long.

Uh yeah, we're talking about Ratthi. Yeah, whatever.

Uh

> Pin-Lee said, "We're not taking questions now." Shoved Rathi into the hotel's transport pod, then grabbed my arm and pulled me in after her. It whooshed us around.

Uh, and again, we just get told there's a a hotel transport pod out of nowhere. We have no description of this scene in any way.

Uh, we don't know what the fucking a transport pod is or how it works. They're just in one. It just appears out of nowhere and they're in one.

> It whooshed us around and let us out in the foyer of a big suite. I followed Pin-Lee in, Ratthi behind us talking to someone on his comm. It was just as fancy as the ones on the media with carpets and furniture and big windows looking down on the gardens and sculptures in the main lobby, except the rooms were smaller. I guess the ones in the shows are bigger to give them better angles for the drone cams.

But why do you need bigger angles when your cameras are supposedly less than a centimeter and can fly into upper atmospheres? But whatever, we're not supposed to be thinking about this, remember? Because, uh “media analysis is for chumps”. That's why Murderbot has watched its supposed favorite show hundreds of times and yet cannot say a single goddamn word about it.

> My clients, ex-clients, new owners were here. Only everybody looked different in their normal clothes.

Like that's literally that's Murderbot's thought process up here. It literally doesn't fucking know, because they've literally bought it. They are literally objectively its new fucking slave owners.

> My clients, ex-clients, new owners were here. Only everybody looked different in their normal clothes. Dr. Mensah stepped close, looking up at me. “Are you all right?” “Yes.” I had clear pictures from my field camera of her being hurt, but all her damage had been repaired,

> too. She looked different in business clothes like Pin-Lee’s. “I don't understand what's happening.” It was stressful.

See, we just get getting told the emotions. We don't get to see or feel them. We could have— getting— be we could have been getting a description of Murderbots being stressed this whole time. We just get told it though. “It was stressful.” That's all we're going to get because Martha Wells is bad at writing.

> I could feel the entertainment feed out there, the same one I could access from the unit processing zone and it was hard not to sink into it.

So again, we're just pretending that “”um this is really stressful on Murderbot. Um we're not going to show that in any way though” because we're not actually supposed to think this is like, dramatic.

> She said, "I've purchased your contract. You're coming back to Preservation with us. You'll be a free agent there.” “I'm off inventory."

And again, I said this so many fucking times. The dialogue is bad. Not just in what's being said, the formatting! We have not established back and forth. We can't have established back and forth because there's so much fucking pross interrupting what is actually being fucking said.

> She said, "I've purchased your contract. You're coming back to Preservation with us. You'll be a free agent there.” “I'm off inventory."

No. This is shit formatting. Don't do this.

You can't just have the dialogue of whoever the fuck is talking next without specifying beforehand who's talking when you haven't fucking set up the back and forth—

And I just almost dislocated my foot again.

You— This is shit. She keeps doing this shit. This is supposed to be professionally edited and professionally published. This is supposed to be the final product, not the first draft.

Why is the dialogue consistently formatted badly and it never improves? Just you fucking wait until I read Data Ghost to you. It's atrocious and hilariously so. And Data Ghost is from 2025! That came out just a few fucking months ago. Just you fucking wait.

“I'm off inventory” as the dialogue at the start of this fucking paragraph out of nowhere. It's bad fucking writing.

> They had told me that and maybe it was true. I had the urge to twitch uncontrollably and I had no idea why.

And it's like that's just put in there to make it seem like,” oh, there's totally emotions going on here.” It's It's not. There's none. There's no There's none. It's just shit fucking writing. It's, It's shit writing.

> “Can I still have armor?” It was the armor that told people I was a SecUnit, but I wasn't a SecUnit, but I wasn't Sec anymore. Just Unit.

That's also going to get retcconed and never come back ever again.

The others were so quiet.

That's supposed to be up, ~Look, the, the the slave owners are ~so~ quiet. It's it's so they're so sad on behalf of the poor slave that they're totally literally just going to continue exploiting forever.~

The others were so quiet.

Period.

She said, "Ama, even and calm, we can arrange that as long as you think you need it." I didn't know if I thought I needed it or not. “I don't have a cubicle.” she was reassuring. “You won't need one. People won't be shooting at you. If you're hurt or your parts are damaged, you can be repaired in a medical center. “If people won't be shooting at me, what will I be doing?” Maybe I could be her bodyguard. “I think you

> can learn to do anything you want.” She smiled. “We'll talk about that when we get you home.”

And this fandom is so fucking racist, exactly in the way Martha Wells has trained them to be, that they take that statemen,t “I think you can learn to do anything you want”, they present that as the ultimate betrayal.

That's the reason that we're ~supposed to be mad at the Preservation aux team. They made so many mistakes in dealing with Murderbot~ and it wasn't, you know, any of the outright abuse and torture.

No, no, we shouldn't be mad at that.

Um, the thing we have to be upset with them for is telling the slave, "You can do anything you want. You don't have to keep doing the thing that we enslaved you to do. You don't have to keep doing the thing you were enslaved to do that we also forced you to do. You can do anything you want”.

Martha Wells and her audience that she has successfully trained into repeating her slavery apologism, they present that line as as the reason that, um, they're we're ~supposed to be upset with them~ they claim.

We're not. We're not. But that's supposed to be ~Oh, that's See, they're so mean to the slave by telling it it can do anything it wants.~

A thing that's objectively true. But see, that's framed as a problem, because um, Martha Wells doesn't want Murderbot to be allowed to do anything it wants.

She wants Murderbot and every other godamn slave in the story to just keep doing the thing they were enslaved to do forever.

And again in that paywalled interview, she literally tells us that because of this internal core programming, fundamental core programming, sorry, her literal words, “fundamental core programming”, the only way—

Murderbot literally cannot be happy unless it is using itself as a meat shield for its slave owners, which is what these people are, because Martha Wells is fucking racist.

She doesn't portray this as a godamn nightmare. It's just that's ~Oh, that's so cute. Of course, Murderbot wants to dedicate its life to doing the thing it was enslaved to do forever until it kills it!~

Because she's racist and she wants you to be racist, too.

> Arada walked in then and came over and patted my shoulder. We're so glad you're with us," she said. She told Mensah, "The DeltFall representatives are here." Mensah nodded. "I have to talk to them," she told me. "Make yourself comfort comfortable here. If there's anything you need, tell us." I sat in a back corner and watched while different people came in and out of the suite to talk about what had happened. Solicitors mostly from the company from DeltFall from at least three other

corporate political entities and one independent even from GrayCris's parent company. They asked questions, argued, looked at security records, showed Mensah and Pin-Lee security records, and they looked at me. Gurathin watched me too, but he didn't say anything. I wondered if he had told Mensah not to buy me. I watched the entertainment feed a little to calm down, then pulled everything I could about the Preservation alliance from the station's information center. No one would be shooting at me because they didn't shoot people there. Mensah didn't need a bodyguard there. Nobody did. It sounded like a great place to live if you were a human or augmented human. Ratthi came over to see if I was all right. And I asked him to tell me about Preservation and how Mensah lived there. He said when she wasn't doing admin work, she lived on a farm outside the capital city with two marital partners, plus her sister and brother and their three marital partners and a bunch of relatives and kids who Ratthi had lost count of. He was

called away to answer questions from a solicitor, which gave me time to think.

And so many people are so impressed with the fact that Mensah is married to multiple people and her siblings are also married to multiple people, but they ignore the fact that like, this isn't like, genuine polyamory because that— we just keep like getting enforced to us that every goddamn character in this series who's in a relationship is in a polyamorous relationship, and it's never discussed. and *it's a capitalist dystopia*.

So, like literally, if we weren't just going off of the fucking— we should be having conversations to show that these people are in these relationships because *they want to* be and not because it's a capitalist dystopia and the only way you can afford anything at all is if you marry dozens of fucking people.

(from offscreen) You know, literally, there's tax benefits.

Like, you know how people literally today can't afford to own a home or raise kids unless they have two fucking adults bringing in money?

This is a capitalist dystopia! What— Like it could literally even be enforced by the capitalist corporations for tax purposes to tax you even more, that you must marry at least xyz amount of people.

But we never have any conversations about any of this shit, and Martha Wells, she just keeps doing this shit.

She did this in The Books of the Raksura, too, where supposedly they're all polyamorous, but it's only polyamorous because only the straight relationship, the cishet relationship, that's the only one that's considered real.

The other ones are merely allowed because they're not a reproductive threat. So, you can only be polyamorous in the Raksuran society— And I say “polyamorous”— Moon didn't exactly seem fucking enthusiastic. He was literally probably being fucking

coerced as as far as the goddamn book actually tells us.

Um yeah, in that, a man is meant to— who is a fucking slave. He's a sex slave. He literally exists to be the property of the fucking queen. And this is presented as cool, because keeping people as sexual property is good and they have no equal they have literally zero civil rights. Martha Wells is just doing all the shit that male writers love to do, that everybody knows is misogynistic, but she pretends it's suddenly good when she does the exact same thing, using the exact same language.

So you're literally just reading misogynistic shit, but it's being presented as something we should laugh at and cheer on.

What the fuck was I saying?

Oh yeah, the only relationship in there that's considered real is the cishet one that will produce babies. Everything else is considered fake. so it's fine.

That— but also, you're only allowed to have a same-sex relationship, because that's not a reproductive threat to the cishet relationship, which is the only one that actually fucking matters.

Um, but if, you if you wanted to actually have a genuinely polyamorous relationship because you actually like the other person and not because they're forcing you into it, and the other person happened to be, you know, not same sex, then that would be illegal because that would be a threat to the only real relationship.

It's it's so much fucking shit. Completely unexamined, completely unironic. Literally just upholding cishet relationships that are literally just exist to do to produce offspring for eugenics.

Classist racist fucking eugenics, I swear to God.

She literally upholds cishet relationships that produce children as the only fucking real relationship. Everything else is completely fucking meaningless.

Unless, you un, you know unless you do it in ~the wrong way~ and you fall in love with the wrong type of person, then that's illegal and also you're probably “psychotic” and by psychotic she means Scarily Mentally Ill, because she only cares about neurodivergent representation when it's about “quirky relatable-to-her” autistic traits like not making eye contact and forgetting to eat and things like that.

Nothing else. No other symptoms.

She doesn't care about neurodivergent people.

Any-fucking-ways.

Uh blah blah.

> I didn't know what I would do on a farm. Clean the house. That sounded way more boring than security. Maybe it would work out. That was what I was supposed to want. This was what everything had always told me I was supposed to want. Supposed to want.

Martha Wells is so fucking racist that she has literally decided that, um, to be ~clever~, she needs to say that ~actually!!! trying to free slaves is the real cruelty!!!!~

Don't you know by by freeing a slave and telling them they can do anything, you're actually just imposing your will on them and violating their bodily autonomy? Look! Murderbot thinks, "Oh, this is what I'm supposed to want."

And it's in the corporation rim! Where the FUCK would Murderbot ever be watch finding goddamn TV shows telling slaves that they should want to be free?

This is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia, you shit fucking writer.

Where the— Where the fuck is Murderbot going to be finding TV shows about how “you should free slaves and give them free will?”

What the fuck are you talking about? Are you goddamn serious?

And she expects us to take her seriously and take this seriously.

Yeah. She's literally saying that “if you if you tell slaves that they can do anything they want, you're the *real* bad guy.” You're really you're “you're the one *really* violating their bodily autonomy, more than the people who want to keep exploiting them as a slave. You should feel bad if you tell a slave, ‘you can do whatever you want. You, you're free now’.”

That's that's evil according to Martha Wells.

That's the *real* cruelty, according to Martha Wells.

And she has genuinely successfully fucking trained so many goddamn people who've read this book into believing that that is true and regurgitating that at anybody who even remotely criticizes this shit.

I dare you to fucking criticize this shit, and you can see it for yourself.

I'd have to pretend to be an augmented human.

A thing it doesn't actually have to pretend to be because that's literally what it is. It's literally just institutionally dehumanized.

> And that would be a strain.

No, it wouldn't. You are literally already, you are literally just institutionally and legally dehumanized to justify enslaving you. Martha Wells has also explicitly said this so many godamn times.

> I'd have to change, make myself do things I didn't want to do, like talk to humans like I was one of them. I'd have to leave the armor behind, but maybe I wouldn't need it anymore.

And then another fucking line break.

(from offscreen) really?

Yeah, literally. Literally.

Literally, ~Oh, by telling a slave that they're they're free and they can do anything they want, you're

making them do things they don't want to do, unlike all of the things they're forced to do when they're literally enslaved and exploited by you.~

That's that. Yeah.

“Freeing slaves,” literally, according to this goddamn book and the entire rest of the series that doubles down on this goddamn statement, “freeing slaves is the real cruelty. That means you're re that you're the one who's really forcing them to do things they don't want to do.”

Um because, you know, um “being enslaved? that's that's that's really them having bodily autonomy!”

You can't make this shit up. This is just what Martha Wells is like. This is what she's been doubling down on for over two fucking decades at this point.

> Eventually things settled down and they had dinner brought in. Mensah came and talked to me some more about Preservation, what my options would be there, how I would stay with

> her until I knew what I wanted. It was pretty much what I had already figured from what Ratthi had told me. “You'd be my guardian,” I said. “Yes.” She was glad I understood. “There are so many education opportunities. You can do anything you want.” Guardian was a nicer word than owner.

And again, like yes, that's subjectively correct. It's just too— we only have one page left. I'll continue. I'll continue.

> Guardian was a nicer word than owner.
> I waited until the middle of the off shift when they were all either asleep or deep in their own feeds working on their analysis of the assessment materials.

They're still doing their fucking work, which we still don't know what it is. We still literally have no goddamn clue why they came here and why they decided it was worth becoming slave owners for!

> I got up from the couch and went down the corridor and slipped out the door. I used the transport pod and got back to the lobby, then left the hotel. I had the map I had downloaded earlier, so I knew how to get off the ring and down toward the lower port work zones. (voice cracking up)

I'm laughing at the ending that I can already see on the other page, and it's just so goddamn out of place and just bad.

It's It's trying so hard, but not hard enough to actually write a story that makes sense for it.

You'll see.

Uh,

> I had the map I had downloaded earlier, so I knew how to get off the ring and down toward the lower port work zones. I was wearing a survey team uniform and,

(laughing)

> and passing as an augmented human, so nobody stopped me or looked twice at me. At the edge of the work zone, I went through into the work the dock workers barracks, then into the equipment storage. Besides tools, the human workers had storage cubbies there. I broke into a human's personal possessions locker and stole work boots. a protective jacket and an Envirro mask and attachments.

And if you're wondering if these are ever going to come back up, nope.

(from offscreen, laughing) What if the old enemy fucking post?

What if the old enemy in the eighth book is this random person that Murderbots stole their uniform that they're definitely going to have to pay out of pocket?

Again, just all the classism. Martha Wells hates poor people so fucking much. Um, Murderbot could have stolen shit from anybody at all. Uh, but it it's stole from the manual laborers who probably only have one uniform and that's probably an extremely fucking expensive uniform that they have to work for years at the company before they can even buy it.

Uh, yeah, we don't we don't question that at all. There's no commentary here.

Uh, Murderbot could have stolen from anybody, but it steals from a poor person, a manual laborer. Yep. That's that's great great solidarity there, Martha Wells.

(from offscreen) Even though it could have broken into any random rich person or corporate person's office and stolen—

This is this is the stupid sci-fi future. It can get a fake digital goddamn uh credit card and just download all the money!

Anyways, um

> I took a knapsack from another another locker, rolled up the jacket with the survey logo and tucked it into the bag. And now I looked like an augmented human traveling somewhere.

But also, but Murderbot, but, you don't know how people work, don't you?

But now you know all this shit, just so conveniently.

(sarcastically) I bet it watched this on TV, too.

> I walked out of the work zones and down the big central court.

(laughing) I'm laughing at this fucking ending. It's so terrible. It's approaching. It's Yeah, we're on, we're in the last page now. Works.

So, it's so fucking— It's I don't know what's the it the word I'm looking for is not contrived or halfassed. It's

not even pretentious. I don't know. We'll see when we get there. What are you kitties doing? Uh,

> I walked out of the work zones and down the big central corridor into the work—

(almost crying with laughter)

> works the ports embarcation zone. Just one of hundreds of travelers headed for the ship ring. I checked the schedule feeds and found that one of the ships getting ready to launch was a bot driven cargo transport. I plugged into its access from the from the station side lock and greeted it. It could have ignored me uh but it was bored and greeted me back and opened its feed for me. Bots that are also ships don't talk in words.

Martha Wells, what does that mean? You're talking through computers. Are they not talking in text? What are they fucking using? That doesn't make sense. It doesn't make sense.

What do you *mean* they don't talk in words? You're talking through computers! Even binary code is words. What do you mean they don't talk in words???

In what godamn universe is it easier for a robot to talk in— what? What? Pictures?? Emotions??? Are they Jedi????

(from offscreen) Binary in instead of fucking words!

I just said that. Yeah, binary is words.

What? What! It doesn't make sense. She's just trying to be fucking pretentious and, and this is just further dehumanization! Um, because you know the all of these living ships, we're not supposed to think of them as people, even though they're robots and this is supposed to be about how “robots are people too”.

Not really, though! She doesn't give a shit about any of the fuckling robots in this series, unless your name is Asshole Research Transport, which is very blatantly her favorite character she's ever written.

We're not supposed to see these people as people. So, they're nonverbal, even though that literally makes no goddamn sense, because she's ableist as well as racist and a slavery apologist and so much, just so much.

(from offscreen) What's so fucking dumb?

Bots that are also ships don't talk in words.

Aka living ships. Living ships that are people

I push

They don't talk in words.

I pushed the thought toward it that I was a happy bot servant who needed a ride to rejoin its beloved guardian and didn't want company on its long trip. I showed it how many show hours of shows and books and other media I had saved to share.

So they don't talk in words, but you're you're thinking at it in words. You're talking to it in words even though they don't talk in words.

(from offscreen) And this stereotype is so common, and this— believes this.

Yeah. And, and the other robot slave just just just accepts this for no fucking reason, because—

This, this does— this isn't a person with interiority and their own thoughts and autonomy or, you know, anybody that's going to be like “that's a really fucking weird thing, but sure, I guess?”

Nope, it's just, this is just here to be a fucking contrivance and so that other people who have no reading fucking analysis can say ~oh Oh, there's such solidarity between the robots cuz they they help Murderbot without question!!!~

It's like, uh, are you ignoring all of the other slaves that are killed and the fact that we're not even supposed to see these living ships as people?

Anyways,

I showed it how many hours of shows and books and other media I had saved to share. Cargo transport bots also watch the entertainment feed, it turns out.

Another joke. Another joke.

> I don't know what I want. I said that at some point, I think. But it isn't that. It's that I don't want anyone to tell me what I want or to make decisions for me.

“Freeing slaves is bad. That's the real cruelty.”

> That's why I left you, Dr. Mensah, my favorite human. By the time you

[Almost crying with laughter] It's just so badly fucking written.

> I don't know. I don't know what I want. I said that at some point, I think. But it isn't that. It's that I don't want anyone to tell me what I want

> or to make decisions for me. That's why I left you, Dr. Mensah, my favorite human. By the time you get this, I'll be leaving the corporation rim. Out of inventory and out of sight. Murderbot and me.

That's what is the word I'm looking for to describe this shit, where she's trying to pretend, retroactively, that um other than just desperately tacking it on at the end, a desperate last minute edit.

She's so bad at fucking writing. She's literally trying to pretend with this last fucking, two tiny paragraphs that this whole time, this whole thing was fucking epistolary format, and all of this this entire fucking book we've just read—

She's trying to pretend out of nowhere that Murderbot sent the entire contents of this entire book to Mensah as like a digital fucking email.

You—No, no, that's not that's not what happened! You just made that shit up right at the very end of your fucking document and didn't edit a single fucking

thing to make that happen, because you could have made—

If, if Martha Wells were a competent writer, this could have clearly been epistolary format, you know, like the goddamn title lies to you. “The Murderbot Diaries”. This isn't a diary. This isn't a letter.

She just threw that in at the very last fucking second and didn't bother to edit the entire rest of the thing to make it true.

That's why it's a goddamn lie and it's a *hilarious* lie because it's just coming out of nowhere!

It's so abrupt. It's so jarring. It means nothing. It's just fucking absurdity. It's such fucking lazy writing and it's so it's so brazenly fucking lazy writing.

Like, she clearly doesn't give a shit. It would have been so easy for this to have been directed at Dr. Mensah the whole time, but it wasn't. It wasn't, until the literal last two goddamn sentences.

And it's hysterical how pathetically bad it is.

(from offscreen) Um, and this could have been the first draft of a really interesting story.

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, much more interesting story that didn't do racism or if it was going to do racism, which it would, cuz it's Martha Wells author, it would have at least had a conclusion and a plot if anybody actually said, "You need to edit this."

Literally.

(from offscreen) Tell me when you're ready for the quote.

Oh, yeah. We got a quote. We got a quote for you guys from uh somebody who apparently knew actually knew how to write. We haven't actually read anything by her—

(from offscreen) We did! The winged cat books growing up from our heart—

Oh my god. Okay, I lied. Apparently, we read I Okay, I guess she wrote Catwings. I loved those books and apparently they don't exist anywhere, which is weird as fuck.

Uh yeah, read the quote. Just read it loudly so you show up.

(from offscreen) Commod— “Commodified fantasy takes no risks. It invents nothing but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their truthtelling to sentimental platitude. Heroes brandish their swords, lasers, wands as mechanically as combine harvesters reaping profits. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately conceived ideas of the great storytellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in bright colored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, and interchangeable. What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable, insufferable imagination of the reader, child or adult, which given

even these dead thing— which gives even these dead things, life, of a sort, for a while.”

Yep.

(from offscreen) Ursula K. Leguin from Tales from Earth Sea, which is like the big thing that we need to read apparently

Literally that entire quote. You can just hand me I'll even read it again.

(from offscreen) Look just fell off my keyboardd

Just that whole thing. Just zoom in on it so I can read it.

I will literally just read it again because it needs to be read again because we just read 33ish,000 words of Martha Wells's shit that this quote describes exactly.

> Commodified fantasy takes no risks. It invents nothing but imitates and trivializes.

I'll read it one line at a time and do commentary. Read the Imperial Radch. Read Ancillary Justice by Anne Leckie.

And then for the fuck of it, go watch all the Alien movies, specifically Prometheus and Covenant. It's really goddamn clear.

(from offscreen) Anyways, maybe not Covenant.

Maybe. Well, no. Just for cont—It's not It's not good. I'm not saying they're good— Covenant, that is. Ancillary justice. yes.

> It proceeds by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their truthtelling to sentimental platitude.

Literally. Literally. I I just cannot fucking stress enough to you. If you've read the Murderbot Diaries, go read the Imperial Radch series by Ann Leckie. That's R A D C H.

I don't know how to pronounce it, and I don't care if I mispronounce it. It's on purpose. You should not want to pronounce it correctly because they suck and they deserve to have their colonizers language bastardized.

Go read that. You can see every goddamn moment—because Martha Wells has admitted multiple times that was her direct inspiration for writing All Systems Red!

You can see every godamn thing she is fucking cherry-picking and then destroying. She did not take one godamn lesson away besides all of the things the bad guys are saying, but unironically. She does it unironically.

> Heroes brandish their swords, lasers, wands as mechanically as combine harvesters, reaping profits.

Literally, she's so fucking shit at writing. The, the, the shit, these fuckers couldn't even get themselves out of a single goddamn situation.

The bad guys had to kill themselves for them!

> Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe.

Do I even need to do I even need to— do I even need to spell it out?

> Profoundly disturbing moral choices are made sanitized, made cute.

The PreservationAux team are slave owners who went solar systems out of their goddamn way to become slave owners. Tortured that fucking slave by fucking denying it medical attention supposedly *after* they've “realized” it was a person. They knew it was a person the whole time.

They, they became slave owners on purpose as fully grown, fully functional adults. They knew exactly what they were doing. And it's presented as cute and something we should immediately forgive them for, if we were ever upset with them in the first place, which were never supposed to be.

> The passionately conceived ideas of the great storytellers are copied, stereotypes, reduced to toys, molded in brightcolored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, interchangeable.

Yes, she she literally she's literally just taking everything just from the Imperial Radch alone and so many other things. She's, she's just copying so many things and, and doing it so badly. She did not— fail— She did not pass a single fucking goddamn moral test from this series.

> What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life, of a sort, for a while.

Okay, it— literally, you— there's there's no descriptions of anything going on in this goddamn series, and that has not changed even from the stories that are not from Murderbot's perspective.

So, for all of the people screaming endlessly, "But Murderbots's an unreliable narrator. That's why there's no description," or just literally shitting on the entire history of the fucking written word or even spoken goddamn stories, claiming that it's impossible to do descriptions of anything and a story from first person perspective.

Okay, shit bags. There are— and now there are now four goddamn stories in this fucking universe that are neither in first person perspective nor from Murderbots's perspective.

And yet they have all of the exact same glaring godamn problems.

And you don't believe me? You don't believe me? There's four of them! Fucking stupid ass name. What the fuck? Home. Yeah. home something something niche blah fucking that shit.

It's from Mensah's perspective and yet despite being from her perspective, she still refers to all of the people she's been friends with for years by their last

name, because Martha Wells has not come up— she literally she doesn't give enough shits about these caricatures and tokenized people that she didn't even think to give them first names! None of them have first names besides Ayda Mensah.

Ratthi doesn't have a first name. Pin-Lee doesn't have a first name. None of these people have have first names, because they don't exist to be actual characters with depth and interiority. They're just tokenized to pretend that she's not a racist because “look! she put eight whole goddamn characters in a 33,000word story!”

Didn't use any of them properly and just gave them all different ethnic sounding names to pretend that she's not just another white supremacist. even though she then cheers on Apple TV for whitewashing her fucking main character and letting Apple TV turn the entire thing into reverse racism, legitimately.

Okay. So, yeah, that's the one. It's from Mensah's perspective. It's in third person p— it's in third person point of view, because she hates nonbinary people. so,

the only reason that The Murderbot Diaries is in first-person perspective is because she's a fucking coward and refused to write in third person point of view because that would require her to actually use it/its pronouns for Murderbot as outside of dialogue where the slave owners are talking about it like it's not sitting right there.

Second story, not from Murderbot's perspective and not in first person pers, perspective is, we'll just go in the closeness to this shit is Rapport, the new thing from just 120 something days ago.

Still hasn't been edited. even though they're selling it for the same price that they were selling the ebook version of this shit book when this came out, selling it for the exact same price, even though it's four times shorter and has glaring fucking typos, so that people are literally spending money on a thing that hasn't been edited, not even pretended to be edited.

Uh, then there's obsolescence, which you can read for free online. whatchamacallit. It's a free It's from a free anthology where she missed, I mean purposefully

missed the fucking memo of what it's supposed to be about. Fuck. I can't remember what the anthologyy's called. Just search Obsolescence by Martha Wells anthology. It should come up. It's like something about brighter future, brighter days, something like that.

It's a whole free thing. You can get a free PDF in Spanish and English cuz they rock. I don't remember what it's called, but I will link it in the description when I remember. I have the link saved somewhere.

Um, that's the three of them. Those are— none of— those ones are not from Murderbot's perspective, nor are they in first person perspective. s, you would think all of the problems from the rest of the fucking would magically vanish, right?

If, if we pretend that the problems in the writing here haven't been the glaring problems in her writing since she started writing literally longer ago than I think I've been alive? Probably longer than many people watching this have been alive.

The fourth one is brand fucking new. It's called Data Ghost. And Jesus Christ, it's shit. It's such shit. I will not even describe how shitty it is.

I'm going to read it to you next. We're going to be going out of order and I'm going to read it next. But—yep, that's it. Bye-bye.

We're going to be starting instead of going properly, we're going to do data g. No, we won't. I'll do them in order. Bye-bye.